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SIT DOWN and SHUT UP

DONALD JANSON

Auto Racing

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Leo Levine

Santo Domingo

CAN WE WITHDRAW?

Samuel Shapiro

Iranian Aid Story

NEW TWISTS TO THE MYSTERY

Fred J. Cook

Reviews

Grave New World

EDWARD T. CHASE JACQUES ELLUL
HOWARD ZINN ROBERT THEOBALD

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LETTERS

Pro student

New York City

Dear Sirs: In "The Student Left" (*The Nation*, May 10) . . . Jack Newfield lists me among "the 1930's revisionist liberals, once burned by Stalinism," who attacked the student Left; I am said to have written a "Polonius-styled" essay along the same lines as Max Lerner, Sidney Hook, Nathan Glazer. He then contrasts this group with "Socialists like Bayard Rustin and Michael Harrington" who "fought so bravely throughout the 1950s, so that there might be a New Left today."

This is preposterous. I am not a "revisionist liberal" (whatever that may be) but a Socialist; I have never been a Stalinist, nor "burned by Stalinism" (whatever that may mean). Let Mr. Newfield read through *Dissent* and my books, and see for himself. Anyone glancing at my piece on the Berkeley students in the May 1 *New Republic* will see that my sympathies are strongly with the students and not with such of their critics as Hook, Lerner and Glazer. . . . And furthermore, Rustin and Harrington are my close political-intellectual associates, and what they fought for through the 1950s, I did too, whether "bravely" or not.

The criticisms I would make of the "Student Left" focus primarily on that segment of it which has been lured into support of totalitarian and authoritarian dictatorships. Does Mr. Newfield deny there is such a segment? Or that it should be criticized?

Irving Howe

New York City

Dear Sirs: Of course I think that segment should be criticized. That is why I criticized it in the article to which Mr. Howe takes exception.

Jack Newfield

Lesson in linguistics

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his review of *This Germany* [*The Nation*, Apr. 26], Paul Wohl makes a statement which I do not think should go unchallenged. He says: "The modern German language itself characterizes an east-west divide based on the Saxon German spoken by Martin Luther as opposed to Rhenish German which today survives only in Alemanic Swiss, and to an extent in Dutch and Yiddish. . . ."

I would not take issue with Mr. Wohl on any of his statements regarding the ethnographic, political or economic factors in the division of Germany, because he obviously knows much more than I do about them. But his linguistic observation is not at all in accordance with the empiric facts or the opinions of the established authorities on the subject.

From very early times — perhaps ever since true German developed from Gothic—the language has been divided into two major groups, separated north and south (not as Mr. Wohl indicates east and west) by a line that runs almost straight across the German-speaking areas, from Poland to the Rhine. It passes just to the north of Berlin, then dips slightly south and continues due west. (See Louis Bloomfield, *Language;* Chap. 19, p. 334, which shows this isogloss very clearly.) The tests of these dialects are words like "to make" and "village" which are "machen" with the guttural German "ch" and "dorf" below the line and "maken" (with a "k" very similar to our English sound) and "dorp" above it.

The two dialects have long been known as Hochdeutsch and Platt-deutsch, or High and Low German. (Despite popular belief these names have no qualitative value—whatever that may mean—but originated in the fact that the southern speech was found mostly in the mountainous lands of the south, whereas the northern dialect was spoken in the flat lands bordering the Baltic and the North Sea.) Dutch and Yiddish, given by Mr. Wohl as examples of Rhenish dialects, are usually used as prime examples of the two dialects. Yiddish is archaic Middle High German, and Dutch, along with Friesian and English, is derived from Low German.

Ernest S. Heller

More than one

Hamburg, Germany

Dear Sirs: In his astonishing remarks about my book, *This Germany,* your reviewer bases most of his surprising arguments on my "nationalist views" as expressed in the title. "The title of an objective book . . . would be 'These Germanys.'" May I draw his attention to the fact that the title of the German original, the only one for which I am responsible, is *X-mal Deutschland,* i.e., *Many Germanys.*

R. W. Leonhardt

Price of gas

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: "The Wellhead Warriors" by Mel Wax (*The Nation,* Apr. 19) comes to grips with the complexities of a highly important economic problem which must be resolved in favor of continued federal regulation unless the nation's gas consumers are to suffer. . . .

William M. Bennett, Commissioner
Public Utilities Commission

THE NATION

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Report to the Stockholders

In his televised address of May 13, the President attempted to place the war in Vietnam in perspective by minimizing the military and political "faces" of that war and emphasizing the "third face": what American dollars and know-how have contributed to the welfare and development of South Vietnam, and what these could do for all Southeast Asia. By this emphasis, the President underscored what no one has questioned—his personal desire for a peaceful settlement and his generous hopes for the peoples of Southeast Asia.

But the report he presented is really an attempt to take an optimistic view of certain assets while ignoring the liabilities. Granted that we have contributed textbooks; how many have been incinerated in the fighting? Granted that we have introduced a new variety of high-bearing sweet potato; how much food production has been eliminated or aborted or sabotaged? It is splendid that we have vaccinated millions against cholera—notoriously a scourge of war—but what is the total of civilian casualties, including women and children, in South Vietnam alone? On balance, one may seriously doubt that as a result of our efforts the death rate in South Vietnam has dropped since 1954.

The evening before the President spoke, N.B.C.'s Huntley-Brinkley program included a poignant sequence on the camp for widows and orphans at Than Hiep, 15 miles north of Saigon. At this camp, mothers are given an allowance of $5 a month to support their children. Neither the children nor the widows, who were futilely scratching at the soil with hoes, could be taken as vivid symbols of the good life. No doubt we have contributed capital to build some plants, but how many plants have been destroyed and how much Vietnamese capital has left the country for deposit in overseas bank accounts? No doubt the Vietnamese have, as the President suggested, caught the fever of rising expectations, but it is also clear that their longing for peace is paramount.

Curiously, the President seemed to be saying that, while it is unfortunate that China and this country should be waging by proxy a war conducted on Vietnam terrain and largely by Vietnamese, nevertheless some social gains are being chalked up in the South although we are doing a great deal of damage in the North. China would, no doubt, make the same claim in reverse, but it would be surprising if the Vietnamese, North or South, took quite the same view of the matter. In a way, the President was saying that social progress is not incompatible with the kind of war being waged in Vietnam. If that is true—if war can now show the smiling face of social progress—then we have accomplished a reversal of one of the basic conclusions which history has taught us from the wars of the past.

Because the President's report was so largely devoted to only one side of the ledger, it did not constitute a complete accounting. And because it was so largely concerned with this one side, it was not convincing. The American people—and world opinion—should continue the insistent quest for a true accounting of the moral, political, social and military aspects of the war in Vietnam.

Santo Domingo: What Next?

At this writing we have a force of 31,600 on land and sea in the Dominican Republic. There may be more to come but, considering the size and population of the country, the existing commitment is enormous. On the part of the President and his three advisers in the "awesome foursome"—McNamara, Rusk and McGeorge Bundy—it certainly shows determination. But determination, however steely, is only one factor in diplomacy and war. What happens next? Where are these resolute gentlemen taking us?

The test of any policy, the Lyndon Johnson Doctrine included, is whether it establishes reliable guidelines for future action. Can it be extended or adapted readily to analogous situations—situations which can be anticipated? Or is it a dead end, or worse?

The crux of the American intervention is that in the guise of defense against the totalitarian Left it threw American military power on the side of the totalitarian Right. Thomas C. Mann, Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, explains that this is because Communists are not really indigenous forces but agents of a Sino-Soviet conspiracy. He reveals that we would gladly move against right-wing forces as well, but such action against a genuine native group would need to be collective, and the majority of the American republics are opposed to it. Mann actually said this to Max Frankel of *The New York Times* in a long interview which beats anything in *Alice in Wonderland.*

It is a safe assumption that our closest Latin American allies will continue to be right-wing military juntas and that we will recognize, train and finance them in the future as in the past. It is also a safe assumption that rebel movements will break out against our wards. In a statement intended to be reassuring, Maj. Gen. Max S. Johnson, U.S. Army (Ret.), now serving as military analyst for *U.S. News & World Report,* says that Communists are not about to take over the remaining eighteen Latin American countries; there are perhaps only seven states that are in "considerable danger."

The effect of our action in the Dominican Republic, it may be added, is to increase the chances of Com-

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munist overthrow in those seven, and ultimately in the other eleven. If we had helped Bosch, we might have retained whatever confidence democratic elements in those countries still reposed in us. By siding with the Dominican Right and labeling their opponents Red, we have lost even the pretense of neutrality, much less a benevolent liberalism. We have made our choice—or rather the "awesome four" have made it for us—and now we must live with it.

In military terms, what does this imply? General Johnson is pleased with the policy. "Containment," he feels, was a losing game, and we may hope to do better with "preventive-defensive." But we cannot expect much help from the Latin Americans, and with our world-wide commitments we must be prepared for a greatly extended effort: "The U.S. now must face up to the fact that a serious inflation in human and material costs of defense may lie ahead, under its newly invigorated strategy." Such are the clearly foreseeable consequences of the Lyndon Johnson Doctrine, and the future is not likely to make them less ominous.

The Other America

These are bad times for Americans who wish to be proud of their country, not just reflexively, but for sound moral and intellectual reasons. American soldiers fight on two continents in support of regimes with little or no popular support. American aircraft have been used in an attempt to bomb into submission Dominican rebels against an American-supported military junta, while in Southeast Asia American pilots destroy life and property with little opposition. The President of the United States, a man of peace during the electoral campaign, becomes more warlike than his political opponent as soon as he is safely returned to office. Only a few courageous legislators resist the alacrity with which Congress, like the Reichstag of Wilhelm II or Adolf Hitler, rubber-stamps the President's demands for military appropriations and unconditional support of future ventures known only to him. On the domestic front, the Ku Klux Klan marches under the Confederate flag in a Southern city and three of its members, indicted for the murder of a woman civil rights worker, are cheered as heroes.

But there is another America, and it shows its face in the Dominican Republic beside the grisly visage of the American occupation. A Peace Corps delegation had been in the country for some time. There were about 108 of them, a trivial number by comparison with the tens of thousands of military personnel that Mr. Johnson moved in, ostensibly to avert a Castro-type take-over. Yet, in the Dominican Republic and all over Latin America, that handful may offset some of the damage that American intervention has done and threatens still to do.

The Peace Corps people were teaching Dominican fishermen to increase their catches, helping farmers with modern techniques, and conducting teacher-training programs. Some were nurses. When the fighting began, they turned from peace to war; but their mission remained the same—to bring American help to others less fortunate. Since they were already among the people, they worked mainly in hospitals in the rebel quarter of Santo Domingo. The Dominicans referred to them as "those other types of Americans," and while this may mean simply that they are not soldiers, it is a peculiarly apt phrase.

Some of the American soldiers, with the astigmatism inseparable from their indoctrination, resented the Peace Corps services to the rebels. Giving help without asking the politics of those who needed help, wasn't that communism? "Many of the soldiers don't understand that for the Peace Corps to be effective after the revolution it cannot take sides now," said Roberta Warren, 25 years old, from Windom, Minn. Mr. Johnson's official advisers have brought him with terrible speed to a terrible brink. The advice of Miss Warren could even now show him a way back.

The Lindsay Candidacy

The announcement that Rep. John V. Lindsay will be the Republican nominee for Mayor of New York City is welcome news on several counts. As *The Nation* has pointed out previously, the Republican Party would have invited a charge of irresponsible frivolity if it had failed to offer an acceptable, serious candidate in this year's election. The party has much too long neglected urban affairs, an oversight the more culpable because city politics have become virtually synonymous with national politics, so large is the percentage of the population that resides in metropolitan areas.

Now the party has fixed on one of the most attractive personalities in New York politics. Representative Lindsay has a good record, he is a formidable campaigner, and he has qualities which entitle him to high rating by the best standards of either party. His candidacy will strengthen the New York Republican Party, it will improve Governor Rockefeller's prospects for re-election, and it should bring into being a genuine Republican organization in every neighborhood and precinct in New York City. The Lindsay candidacy should also have a tonic effect on the Democratic Party, which in New York needs reinvigoration. Mayor Wagner, for all his merits, will benefit from the kind of criticism and goading he will now receive.

Win or lose, Mr. Lindsay will emerge from the campaign a larger figure in the party and nationally than he is at present. The GOP is not notably rich in attractive, young figures and Lindsay is one of its stars. Up to now, however, he has been handicapped by the circumstance that Governor Rockefeller and Senator Javits are senior figures in the party and neither of them is likely to retire in the near future. Nor would Mr. Lindsay probably want to run against Sen. Robert F. Kennedy. The mayoralty, which is supposed to be a political dead end, is for him a way out of this impasse. If he should win, he would immediately be available for higher office, but even if he

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should lose he can be relied upon to run a fine campaign and to make an impressive showing. As matters stand, it is now certain that New Yorkers will have the benefit of an intelligent, vigorous discussion of the manifold problems of a city in trouble. Mayor Wagner and Mr. Lindsay are intelligent men, experienced in government, excellent politicians, with a genuine love for the city and a desire to be of service to its put-upon inhabitants. This will not be a "smear" campaign nor a shouting contest; on the contrary, it promises to be a model of what a mayoralty campaign should be. For this opportunity New York voters can be grateful.

Is Aerospace Corp. Necessary?

Aerospace Corporation of California has been under fire recently by Joseph Campbell, the U.S. comptroller general, and he could hardly have found a target more suitable. Aerospace was founded in 1960 as a nonprofit corporation to help plan and manage the missile and space programs of the Air Force. Originally this work was carried on by Ramo-Wooldridge, which became Thompson Ramo Wooldridge by merger; after various corporate spin-offs and mutations, Aerospace was born. Since 1960, it has received $309 million in contracts from the government, of which about $16 million would be regarded as profit, were it not that Aerospace is nonprofit by statute. The company has 4,300 employees, with about 100 making $25,000 a year or more. Its president, Dr. Ivan A. Getting, receives $75,000 a year in straight salary, plus incentive compensation and other benefits that bring his total to $91,000.

Salaries, however, are not the central issue. Gen. Bernard A. Schriever, who heads the Air Force Systems Command, thinks Aerospace is worth the money it has cost. Congress is not likely to dispute General Schriever, who is regarded, and regards himself, as perhaps the chief single defender of the United States against the Soviet missile threat. What he says usually goes. Some activities of Aerospace, however, do not seem to fit into the defense picture. It spent $20 million for two buildings when comparable facilities were allegedly available across the street for $4.7 million. In four years $597,865 was spent to maintain an office in Washington which included nine people and "one chauffeur." Its public relations department spent more than $1 million in the same period to improve its public image, and New York public relations firms were retained at sizable additional sums—largely to sweeten Congressional relations. For example, an advertising and public relations firm headed by John J. Dukas was engaged by Aerospace to advise on presenting its case before the House armed services subcommittee. One would suppose that Aerospace's own public relations staff, headed by a $29,000 wizard, could have made the presentation—provided it had a good case. Apparently its administrators were not too sure.

Also in question, among other matters involving large sums of government money, was the employment by Aerospace of a $240-a-day consulting psychologist. His mission was to reduce human error in missile reliability, and his fees added up to $54,000, which is a small item in Aerospace expenditures. His report was not made public, but the investigating committee apparently felt that $54,000 worth of reliability had not been added to the program. It may be unjust, but the question shifts to the reliability of Aerospace itself in judicious and frugal expenditure of the funds so freely entrusted to it. That question, which bears directly on the need for "nonprofit" satellite corporations of the armed services, has not been answered.

State Dept. on Campus

SIT DOWN and SHUT UP . . . .

Donald Janson

Kansas City

With escalation of the war in Vietnam has come escalation of the protest movement in the United States, with the nation's academic community, both students and faculty, in the vanguard. Since the Johnson Administration decided in February to risk bombings in North Vietnam, thousands of students and professors at universities throughout the country have participated in rallies, vigils and marches. And marathon teach-ins at scores of colleges, in which the intellectual community seeks to make up for what it feels is a lack of candor in Administration reports to the people, have especially stimulated organized national opposition to present policy in Vietnam.

Since February, the State Department has been deluged with demands for explanation of a policy that risks world conflict. William Jorden, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, puts the number of letters at 20,000 in the last six weeks. Thomas F. Conlon, a State Department specialist on Vietnam, says this mail has been supplemented by telephone calls almost hourly since February.

Frequently the requests for explanation display a sharp edge of disbelief that America is motivated by an altruistic desire to pave the way for self-determination in South Vietnam. Who invited us to defend whom? Was it a popular government or our puppet? Is not the conflict in South Vietnam a civil war, a legitimate revolution against dictatorship, rather than aggression from the north? Are we not there solely to contain communism under the domino theory? Is not our in-

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sistence on making Vietnam safe for free elections a sham to draw the line against any further expansion of communism, popular or otherwise? Why not end hypocrisy, permit elections now under United Nations auspices, pull out and abide by the results in the true spirit of democratic self-determination?

At first the reaction of top-policy planners was curt. The tempest in academic circles was written off as naive, impractical idealism, the work of a small but vocal minority of peaceniks and left-leaning liberals ever present on university campuses. Two former professors, stung by the fusillade of darts aimed at Washington, chided their former colleagues. Secretary of State Dean Rusk expressed amazement at "gullibility" and "stubborn disregard of plain facts." McGeorge Bundy, special adviser to the President, told 127 faculty members of Washington University that if their letter of protest "came to me for grading as a professor of government, I would not be able to give it high marks."

This only incensed the academic community. The Inter-University Committee for a Public Hearing on Vietnam was organized to plan a massive national confrontation on the issue with Mr. Bundy and other government spokesmen, May 15 in Washington. Professors by the hundreds on campus after campus signed statements of support for it. In concert with thousands of students, they circulated petitions, held seminars and discussions and sought to mobilize a public protest unprecedented in the history of the cold war.

Last month, the State Department decided the ferment could no longer be ignored. On April 26, David Bane, a foreign service officer for twenty years, who is currently stationed at the University of Iowa under a limited (to three universities) new State Department program to keep its staff in touch with the country, received a call from Washington. Could forums be scheduled immediately at Iowa and other Midwestern universities so that a team of Vietnam experts might bring the truth of the situation to representative campuses?

William L. Boyd, vice president for academic affairs and Dean of Faculties at Iowa, was delighted to give a hearing to a question that had stirred not only the campus but a considerable segment of townspeople in Iowa City. He said later that this was the first time in his memory that the government had asked to come to the universities to discuss an issue. He wondered if it meant the State Department might finally be interested in learning what others thought about controversial elements of American foreign policy.

As it turned out, the Washington team was not open to suggestions. It was interested only in making sure that the "truth" was dispensed, so that students and others subject to influence by campus "extremists" would have the ammunition they needed to better uphold the government viewpoint on Vietnam. Conlon, leader of the three-man team, explained privately that the Department had already heard and rejected the type of suggestions being offered by spokesmen of the protest movement.

Accommodation before "aggression" ceased, he told students and faculty at Iowa, Drake, Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois universities, would confirm China's view that the United States is "a paper tiger" and lead to unrestricted infiltration and conquest of other vulnerable nations in Southeast Asia. The articulate, 40-year-old former Chicagoan with a background of service in Vietnam; justified escalation of the war on the ground that captured prisoners and arms proved control of the South Vietnamese revolution had been usurped by Communist North Vietnam. But neither the team's figures on numbers of Communists and Communist weapons captured nor those of the recent white paper of the Defense Department were accepted as adequate by opponents of escalation, who contended that the conflict was civil war and American intervention was unwelcome.

At Drake in Des Moines and at the University of Wisconsin branch in Milwaukee sessions were relatively calm, in part because sponsoring campus groups used debate and panel formats that precluded barbed questions, speeches and attacks from the floor. But the veneer of politeness vanished in some of the question-and-answer sessions at the larger universities. The great majority of questions were hostile,

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and the smooth government team had to smother temptations to snap back. Several times Conlon found himself shouting down questioners and hecklers to make his points.

Stormy sessions punctuated the team's trip from the first day at Iowa City, where the Iowa Socialist League and others picketed, and faculty members charged that it was "idiotic" for a government team to travel to the Midwest "only to listen to themselves." The biggest demonstration of hostility to U.S. policy came at the University of Wisconsin. When the team entered the hot sticky auditorium in the Social Science Building on the night of May 6, they found more than 200 students standing against back and side walls despite scattered empty seats on the floor. All wore black arm bands of protest. The students, members of the Student Committee to End the War in Vietnam, continued the stand-in until the meeting ended at 11 P.M. They defied an order to sit from a professor who supports government policy, but cleared an aisle to the doors when asked to do so by a faculty member associated with their group.

They held aloft signs mourning "the death of American morality." They hooted and hissed when Conlon insisted that the United States was in Vietnam to help oppressed people establish social, economic and political institutions of their own choosing. They jeered when he said it would probably be some time before elections could be held because a Communist reign of terror made them impossible now. They chortled in disbelief when told that torture and murder of fellow Vietnamese was most commonly perpetrated by "Communist" forces.

Nor were all the protesters students. One hundred thirty-four faculty members that day published a full-page advertisement in the campus daily asking "whether the United States can violate such international decisions as the 1954 Geneva agreement while being self-righteous about violations by others, whether the United States can condone the use of weapons such as napalm and gas that make no distinction between combatant and civilian populations and that have been condemned by world-wide opinion, whether the United States can denounce tactics of intimidation and terror against civilian populations while supporting those who use such tactics, and whether the United States can ignore leading spokesmen of world opinion while self-righteously asserting that it acts in the name of the free world."

The meetings frequently boiled over in heated exchanges between floor and platform.

"Why do prisoners we take confess to infiltration only after a month of interrogation?" a Wisconsin student asked.

Conlon: "Have you ever had anything to do with interrogation?"

"No, and I don't want to."

"Sometimes it takes a long time before a prisoner wants to talk."

"Torture!" shouted another youth.

"Do you also charge the North Vietnamese with torture?" Conlon asked.

"I condemn torture whoever does it!"

"The Americans do not torture," Conlon said when the prolonged applause had died.

"But we run the show," a student in the crowd shouted.

"We do not run it," said the team man.

"Aw c'mon," came shouts from all over the floor, "let's be honest."

When the tumult slackened, a girl who asked how the State Department defined a Communist triggered a line of questioning designed to pin down the team on whether it could prove Vietnamese revolutionaries were Communists.

"I'm sure in your studies of political science you have learned the definition of communism and I see no point in repeating it," Conlon said.

This was greeted with sighs of "Oh no!"

"All right, it is Marxism-Leninism. . . . In the ranks of the Vietcong, the bulk are not Marxist-Leninist ideologues. But they fight under Communist control in support of Communist objectives, so they might just as well be Marxist-Leninist ideologues in terms of the terror they spread. . . ."

"The lack of elections in East Germany has not prevented holding them in West Germany," a student said after Conlon told the audience elections could not be held in Vietnam because conditions were not conducive to free elections in North Vietnam.

"Why not hold them in South Vietnam?" he continued. "Do we really want them?"

"This is a matter the South Vietnam government itself has to decide," Conlon said. "Otherwise it is not sovereign."

The students hooted. One student began an impromptu speech telling why he thought no elections were being held. He was stopped in midstatement.

"Can't this be a dialogue?" he shouted. "Do you want this audience to hear only one side?"

"If you want to make statements, you can send them to me in the State Department," Conlon said. The offer brought hisses.

Conlon later estimated his adversaries at no more than a third of the boisterous audience. He termed them a "committed minority of extremists" not subject to much persuasion. He said it was "exhilarating," on the other hand, to find that the quieter majority on the campuses visited supported the government position.

Team members said they would summarize objections to government policy for their superiors, but Conlon made clear in an interview that he would attribute them primarily to what he considered a small, vocal, extremist minority. At Wisconsin a counter-protest group says that it has collected 6,000 signatures for a declaration upholding present government policy on Vietnam as most likely to produce stability and eventual political freedom there. The end-the-war group claims only 2,000 signatures on its petitions.

On many campuses the protest groups, sometimes leftist in leadership, have less than 10 per cent of the enrollment in their corner. But the question is whether this is not a significant number, considering that a majority of students and faculty take no public stand at all. And what about the hundreds of noted professors from coast to coast who are disputing any American right to largely unilateral action in nations like Vietnam and the Dominican Republic? What of the views of Gordon A. Allport, Merle Curti, Karl W. Deutsch, Robert M. Hutchins, Harold Lasswell, Robert K. Merton, Hans J. Morgenthau, David Reisman, William Appleman Williams and a host of others?

The professors influencing students against government policy, Conlon said, seemed to come largely from such disciplines as psychology, exact sciences and literature

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rather than political and military science and government. "They are out of their field," he said in the interview. "They often have not read far enough to realize the implications of what they are advocating." The team's trip "has made it possible for us to identify much more clearly the dimensions of the protest."

He does not consider the dimensions great. While few minds seemed to have been changed on either side by the trip, some State Department officials feel the effort buttressed pro-government views that might in time have wavered under the persistent arguments of the protest movement.

As an exercise in government public relations, the truth-team technique was of doubtful value. The team members radiated charm and self-confidence as each day began, but the aura dimmed whenever Conlon, backed to the wall by hostile questions, began telling people to "sit down!" or to send their arguments to Washington. The team did enjoy hearty applause when it struck down naive exaggerations by opponents who had not done their homework, but most of the time it was on the defensive.

If the team reinforced views of supporters of present policy, it also strengthened those of opponents. Many had hoped for a hearing and felt their views had fallen on closed ears. Listening to the same pat, undeviating, government-line answers that they had been receiving for months without benefit of a truth team, they renewed their resolve to speak up.

The State Department had planned to send teams to New England and West Coast campuses as well, but now will take a somber look first at the experience of the first team, which finished its chore at the University of Illinois on May 11. Meanwhile, members of the academic community who protest escalation of war are no more delighted at being termed "extremists" who theorize outside their field than they were at being labeled "gullible" and receiving low marks from a former Harvard dean.

Iranian Aid Story

New Twists to the Mystery . . . . .

Fred J. Cook

On March 30, 1965, as *The Nation* was about to go to press with its April 12 issue on "The Billion-Dollar Mystery," involving the alleged misuse of American foreign aid funds in Iran, Sen. John L. McClellan (D., Ark.) hurriedly called his Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the Committee on Government Operations into secret session to put into the record evidence indicating that charges to which he had listened for nearly two years were fraudulent. The action and its results have compounded the original mystery, for now thrown into the discard, ignored as if it had never existed, was the vital and overriding issue: What *has* happened to the literally billions of dollars of American aid ladled out to Iran?

Senator McClellan, who had indicated in his official report to the Senate on February 8 that he intended to get the answer to that question, did not seem to be interested in either that question or its answer on March 30. Examination of the hearing record shows that, after appearing to accept for nearly two years the theory that there had been "gross corruption" in American aid to Iran, the entire energies of the McClellan committee were devoted to a single demonstration: that prominent Americans whose names had been brought into the case through documents presented to the committee by the Khaibar Khan had been wickedly maligned and that the Khaibar Khan himself had been the real villain of the piece.

The Khaibar Khan, as readers of "The Billion-Dollar Mystery" will recall, is a dapper, fun-loving Iranian, chief of the Bakhtiari tribe of Southern Iran and head of an organization he calls "K.K. United Patriots for Justice." Both K.K. and his organization are dedicated to the eventual overthrow of Iran's ruler, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, and they have built up, according to K.K. at least, an elaborate espionage network able to spirit photostated documents out of the Shah's palace in Teheran and the Iranian Embassy in Washington.

The most sensational product of this undercover activity had been a "bank statement" purporting to show transactions for the latter part of 1962 in a numbered account of the Pahlavi Foundation in the Union Bank of Switzerland in Geneva. According to this exhibit, which was submitted by K.K. to the subcommittee, millions of dollars in American aid funds had allegedly been diverted to the Pahlavi Foundation's numbered "account." This evidence had been spread both on the heretofore secret record of the McClellan committee and on a public record in a lawsuit in New York Supreme Court—an action in which these exhibits had been accepted without challenge by lawyers representing the Shah's sister and brother.

Following its March 30 session, the McClellan committee forwarded the record of the transcript of its three hearings into the Khaibar Khan's charges to the Justice Department on April 6, the day after *The Nation's* issue reached the newsstands. The record was made public on April 8, and a study of it reveals a most interesting and curious pattern.

The Khaibar Khan originally testified before the McClellan committee on May 15, 1963. At that time, he presented photostats of what purported to be checks drawn against the secret numbered account of the Pahlavi Foundation and a photostat of what purported to be the 1962 bank statement from the Union Bank of Switzerland, indicating the clearance of the "checks" through the foundation's account and the deposits made in it. The evidence was impressive enough to cause Senator McClellan to issue a state-

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ment the following day, May 16. In this, he announced that he was undertaking a preliminary investigation of "certain aspects of the Foreign Aid Program," and he referred to the Khaibar Khan's testimony in these words:

During the course of his secret testimony, the Khan described Foreign Aid operations in Iran and surrendered to the subcommittee voluminous documents in his possession in full substantiation of the testimony he gave the subcommittee. These documents, if corroborated, point to gross corruption and misuse of funds in excess of $100,000,000 in connection with the administration of United States aid to Iran.

The record of the suddenly called March 30, 1965, hearing establishes now for the first time that McClellan had hardly issued his May 16, 1963, statement before his staff began developing evidence in conflict with the Khaibar Khan's story. Among the names on what purported to be checks of the Pahlavi Foundation's Swiss "bank account" was that of Mrs. Loy Henderson; the purported bank statement listed Loy Henderson. Henderson had been American Ambassador to Iran at the time of the 1953 CIA-engineered coup that overthrew Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh and retained the throne for the Shah.

On May 17, 1963, both Mr. and Mrs. Henderson signed affidavits for McClellan's investigators, stating unequivocally that they "have never received money, directly or indirectly, from the Pahlavi Foundation of Iran," and, indeed, had not even seen the "check" until committee agents had shown them the reproduction of it. Similar affidavits were obtained on May 20, 1963, from Lyle J. Hayden; on May 21, from Howard W. Page and on May 27, from David Rockefeller and George V. Allen. Each affidavit contained an emphatic denial of ever having received any money or "check" from the Pahlavi Foundation. Witness the following statement from Allen's affidavit:

This statement is completely voluntary and I understand that it may be used in a public hearing.

I have never received money, directly or indirectly, from the Pahlavi Foundation of Iran or had any contact with that foundation. I have seen the reproduction of a check drawn to the order of George V. Allen, dated February 5, 1962, on the Union Bank of Switzerland, 8 Rue du Rhone Avenue, Geneva, Switzerland, in the amount of one million dollars. This check is purported to be signed Mahmoud Reza Pahlavi and Ashraf Pahlavi. The first I knew of the existence of this check was May 16, 1963, when I received a telephone call from a newspaper man asking about it. Later the same day I saw the reproduction in the office of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. I know nothing about this check or about the funds it purports to represent.

Subsequent to the March 30 hearing, *The Nation* received and printed in its issue of May 10 a letter from J. W. Keener, containing a similar unequivocal denial.

Almost as swift was a disclaimer filed by Iranian officials. On August 30, 1963, Jahangir Amuzegar, ambassador-at-large and chief of the Iranian Economic Mission in Washington, wrote Senator McClellan that the Pahlavi Foundation and its predecessor, the Pahlavi Domain, both "categorically deny having any knowledge of the account in question." The Pahlavi organizations asserted, Ambassador Amuzegar wrote, that "never in their institutional life did they have, nor do they have now, any account in any foreign bank (Union Bank of Switzerland included)" and so "any check drawn on any foreign bank and attributed to them must be fake and forged."

Having entered this emphatic denial, the Ambassador pressed McClellan to repudiate his statement of May 16, 1963. He asked for a statement "to set the record straight" and "for a prompt prosecution and conviction of the subcommittee's false witness." McClellan, however, was not yet ready to go so far, and there were cogent reasons for his caution and reluctance. They become apparent when one studies the record of a second hearing held into the Khaibar Khan's charges on September 10, 1963.

This hearing was precipitated, it becomes clear from the record, by the Khaibar Khan's performance of an unquestioned feat of espionage. After the initial May hearing, the McClellan committee had asked the U.S. Treasury to draw up a list of American aid payments to Iran. The Treasury had complied, listing by voucher number, date and amount, the checks that had flowed out to Iran as part of our economic aid program. Hardly had the McClellan committee received this official document before a copy of it was funneled to the Iranian Embassy in Washington, where the Khaibar Khan's ubiquitous agents photostated it. This led Richard Wels, the Khaibar Khan's New York attorney, to protest to McClellan that the Iranian Embassy apparently was able to get information out of the committee's supposedly secret files.

McClellan denied emphatically that there was any leak in his committee, but it would seem from the record of the September 10 hearing that he was impressed by the Khaibar Khan's feat in producing a U.S. Treasury document of undoubted authenticity. The questioning shows that the Khaibar Khan's photostat was compared with the Treasury original in the files of the McClellan committee — and it matched voucher by voucher, entry by entry. At one point McClellan said of the Khaibar Khan: "What he has here, this information checks with our own records of what our government has done. What they did with it over there, we have no way of checking, and that is what we are trying to find out."

At just one point did McClellan refer obliquely to the denial from the Pahlavi Foundation that already reposed in his files. He asked the Khaibar Khan what he would say if the Iranians contended that there was no Pahlavi Foundation account in the Union Bank of Switzerland—that the whole thing was a forgery. "What else can they say?" the Khaibar Khan responded. "They are lying, that is all."

Richard Wels suggested that a simple test might indicate where the truth really lay. He told the committee that he had once had a client who was falsely accused of having money squirreled away in a numbered bank account in Switzerland. He had asked the Justice Department, he said, to draw up the most sweeping authorization it could devise, permitting Justice to check every bank in Switzerland. This had been done, Wels's client had signed it, and he had been cleared. Why, Wels wondered, if there was no Pahlavi Foundation

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bank account in Switzerland, couldn't the Iranian Embassy obtain from the foundation a similar authorization, permitting American investigators to see for themselves and establish the truth for all time?

". . . I have already suggested that, and I think you know that," McClellan replied. "I have already requested them to give us full information."

"And they are not giving it to you?" Wels asked.

"I haven't gotten it yet," McClellan conceded.

Subsequently, declaring his committee sought only the truth, McClellan added: "I had hoped to get full cooperation from the Iranian Government, and I will still seek that. . . . I had waited, and I haven't undertaken a full-scale investigation, hoping that the Iranian Government would supply us with some information we wanted. Since that hasn't fully materialized, as we had hoped, we will now proceed to check out from other information as soon as we can. . . ."

Two important points emerge from this second hearing, of September 10, 1963:

First, the simple method of establishing innocence that Wels had suggested and McClellan himself had urged upon the Iranians had not been adopted by them; in fact, to anticipate, in nearly two years of trying, *McClellan never did obtain the simple authorization for which he had asked to permit our investigators to examine the Geneva bank records for themselves.*

Secondly, the U.S. Treasury report of aid payments to Iran dovetailed in repeated and striking instances with entries on the purported Geneva bank statement the Khaibar Khan *previously* had produced. A comparison of the aid payments seemed to indicate that U.S. aid payments to Iran had been followed within three or four weeks by multimillion-dollar deposits in the purported Pahlavi Foundation numbered account. Significantly, the deposits never exceeded the amounts of the individual U.S. aid payments, but in every instance appeared to be just a portion thereof. Conceivably, a forger might have been lucky enough to strike such a precise balance of date and amount once or twice—but a dozen times? Clearly, too, if the Khaibar Khan had had the U.S. Treasury statement *before* he produced the purported bank statement, it would have been relatively simple to manufacture the latter; but the sequence had not developed that way. He had produced the alleged bank statement *first*, and the McClellan committee itself had *then* obtained the U.S. Treasury report that pointed up the striking similarities.

There, for a long moment, the matter rested. McClellan, unable to get cooperation from the Iranians, took another tack, as he had indicated to the Khaibar Khan and Richard Wels that he would. On January 31, 1964, he wrote directly to the Union Bank of Switzerland in Geneva; and he received a reply dated February 14, 1964—a document that was not to be revealed until the March 30, 1965, hearing, more than a year later. The letter was signed by Dr. A. Schefer, chief general manager of the Union Bank, and Dr. A. Hartman, manager of the bank. It began on an odd note by stating that permission had been obtained to reveal that there was nothing to reveal. The bank managers wrote:

With the specific desire of assisting in the dissipation of false accusations against the Government of Iran, we requested the authorization of the Director of the Pahlavi Foundation to permit us to speak in its behalf and we are prepared in this highly unusual instance to answer your questions to the fullest of our knowledge.

The type face appearing on the documents which you submitted to us for inspection does not correspond to that used in the preparation of such statements for our customers. Actually, they are printed on a bookkeeping machine and they are not, as in the case of the photostats in question, written by ordinary typewriter. In addition, neither our Head Office, our Geneva branch nor any other Branch of this bank has at this time, nor at any time in the past, ever had an account in the name of the Pahlavi Foundation of Iran. Further, the account number listed on the sheets does not conform in any measure to the numerical system employed by us. For these very convincing reasons we are certain that the evidence which you have forwarded to us for examination is forged.

This was the document that Senator McClellan read into the *Congressional Record* on April 5 of this year, citing it as the final proof that documents given his committee by the Khaibar Khan were forgeries. Yet the letter was more than a year old; if it was indeed the final and convincing proof of fraud, why hadn't it been more swiftly produced, why hadn't the Khaibar Khan been exposed? One gets no clear answers to these questions from the hearing record.

The attitude of McClellan committee staffers now is that, oh well, they never did attach much importance to the Khaibar Khan and his charges. "This man came in here and showed us these documents, and we just listened to him," one staff member says. He explains that the committee had intended to clear up the whole matter as soon as possible, but it has been burdened with such a number of vitally important hearings — Joe Valachi and the criminal empire; the TFX investigation; labor racketeering, to cite just a few—that it hadn't been able to get around to the Khaibar Khan.

The explanation hardly squares with one indisputable fact. On February 8, 1965, Senator McClellan's investigations subcommittee filed its annual report. In this, it detailed what it had done and indicated where it was going. One paragraph dealt with Iran. It read:

As it was reported in my letter to your committee last year, this subcommittee received allegations from an Iranian national which were supported by documents he provided to the effect that U.S. aid funds to Iran were being diverted from their pretended purpose to the benefit of private individuals, both American and Iranian. Testimony was received from this witness on two different occasions. Considerable preliminary investigative activity has taken place in this matter. We plan to follow up with hearings so as to have available testimony under oath. We anticipate that hearings into this subject will encompass an analysis of the aid funds to Iran and the good faith of the complaint to this subcommittee under oath by the principal witness as well as the authenticity of his supporting documents.

That official statement seemed to indicate that the McClellan committee had uncovered a serious situation regarding the handling of American aid funds to Iran — a situation serious enough to merit

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a full-scale investigation. The report contained no indication that the investigation was already finished; that the Khaibar Khan's evidence had already been proved fraudulent, his charges baseless. Yet, by March 30, with *The Nation* going to press, that became the attitude of the McClellan committee.

The March 30 hearing opened with the testimony of Charles E. Wolf, supervisory investigator in the General Accounting Office, who had been assigned to the McClellan committee for the Iranian probe. Wolf put into the record the affidavits the committee had obtained, the correspondence with the Swiss bank and other details. McClellan asked him whether, in addition to securing the affidavits, he had made any effort to check out individual bank accounts. "In some individual cases we did," Wolf replied. He added:

"We checked accounts of Mr. Loy Henderson and Mrs. Loy Henderson and there was nothing, any sum anywhere like this at all, and George Allen, also."

Wolf testified further that an analysis of the alleged Geneva bank statement by the committee's staff "lends credence" to the charge in the bank's letter to McClellan that the Khaibar Khan's evidence had been forged. He stressed that the Khaibar Khan's records purported to show that thirty-two checks had been made out on February 5, 1962, to "payees in different parts of the world." Yet these checks, according to the alleged statement, had cleared through the bank on fourteen different days between February 8 and March 15—and in the exact numerical order in which they had been issued.

"You don't think that that would likely be coincidental?" McClellan asked.

"To me, it is absolutely unbelievable," Wolf replied.

McClellan now developed a second point that cast serious doubt on the validity of the Khaibar Khan's documents. He pointed out that, according to the alleged bank statement, the Pahlavi Foundation had $15,133,222.75 on deposit on July 23, 1962. On July 27, that same statement gave the balance as $10,133,222.75. Yet only three "checks" totaling $500,000 had cleared through the "account" in the meantime. This meant that the $500,000 had been charged off against the account as $5 million, a $4.5 million error. This error, Wolf testified in response to McClellan's questions, had been carried all the way through the bank statement, down to the last entry at the end of 1962.

"I doubt if many banks would make that error and let it remain that long, without discovering it," McClellan commented. "Could they possibly not have discovered it, would you think, in the ordinary course of competent banking?"

"I should think that they would naturally have discovered it, Senator, and I don't see how they could not have discovered it," Wolf replied.

"Wouldn't they be out of balance?"

"They would, they certainly would."

McClellan concluded: "It is highly improbable, if not impossible for them to continue to carry a $4.5 million error like that for a period of five or six months."

In other testimony, Wolf explained that it had proved impossible to authenticate or disprove what purported to be the signatures of Prince Mahmoud Pahlavi and Princess Fatemeh Pahlavi, which "signatures" appear on all the "checks" purportedly drawn on the Pahlavi Foundation "account." Wolf pointed out that the Federal Bureau of Investigation could not make a definitive appraisal from photostats, which are subject to some distortion, but could be certain only if it could examine original documents which in this case, of course, were not available.

As for aid payments to Iran, Wolf said that the committee staff had tried to find out what had happened to the money. Records in American banks showed only that the funds had been transferred to designated Iranian banks. State Department representatives had tried to follow the trail in Iran, but had "found no evidence of any transfer of United States aid funds from these Iranian Government recipient entities to the Pahlavi Foundation of Iran or to any other agency or organization." Much of this evidence, of course, depended upon Iranian figures in Iranian banks, but Wolf insisted that State had checked out the whole schedule of U.S. aid payments as supplied by Treasury, "accounted for every dollar that there is listed in this schedule," and found "no evidence of any diversion."

The GAO expert's testimony now switched to two mysterious accounts that had been opened in the City National Bank of Beverly Hills, Calif., ostensibly by Prince Mahmoud and Princess Fatemeh. The accounts figured prominently in K.K.'s story since, according to his testimony in the New York lawsuit, at the time he had had to flee from Iran after a falling-out with the Shah, he had advanced property and out-of-pocket expenses in connection with the sports project totaling some $2.7 million. This sum he considered to be a claim against the royal family. According to K.K.'s testimony, agreement had been reached in March, 1963, to pay him $2.5 million. The payment was allegedly made in two checks, each for $1.25 million, one purportedly signed by Mahmoud, the other by Fatemeh, against accounts in the Beverly Hills bank. The Khaibar Khan's lawsuit in New York Supreme Court—the suit in which many of his documents were spread upon a public record—had been based upon the fact that these checks had not been honored because the Beverly Hills bank accounts had been closed out the same day the checks were deposited.

Wolf now testified that his investigation indicated that the Beverly Hills bank accounts "were opened and operated by imposters." He said "two former employees and one present employee of the bank identified from photographs Mariam Kushan (Khaiber Khan's private secretary) as the person who appeared at the bank's office and opened the account in the name of Princess Fatemeh Pahlavi." Employees had not been able, he said, to identify the man "who posed as the Prince."

The Beverly Hills accounts had been opened on November 5, 1962, and were closed out April 1, 1963, Wolf testified. He said that the largest sum ever on deposit in either of them was $2,800—pin money for members of the royal family of Iran. Total transactions in the accounts did not come to more than $10,000 apiece. And when the accounts were closed out, each had an identical balance of $22.69, which amounts had been left unclaimed at the bank.

Wolf testified that the committee

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staff had located six other California bank accounts that seemed to be related to these first two. These six, he said, were in the names of the Khaibar Khan, Mariam Kushan, Talat Goodarzian (K.K.'s divorced wife), Sally Mori, Ahmad Shapouri and Prince Faisal Saudi. Sally Mori, Wolf testified, "has been identified from photographs as Mariam Kushan." Inter-account transactions between October 15, 1962, and January 22, 1963, seemed to link the eight accounts, Wolf declared. The total transactions amounted to $49,772, of which $21,720 was circumstantially identified as being inter-account transfers. "Two banks," Wolf testified, "had been defrauded of more than $16,000" by the device of depositing worthless checks drawn on East Coast banks in two of these West Coast bank accounts. It ordinarily takes such checks from five to seven days to clear, he said; and "before the checks could be cleared from the East Coast," heavy withdrawals would be made against the West Coast accounts. Wolf testified that this fraud had been operated through two accounts, those of Mrs. Talat Goodarzian and Prince Faisal Saudi, whom investigators had not been able to identify.

Further building up the case against the Khaibar Khan, Wolf declared that the subcommittee had obtained affidavits indicating that three of K.K.'s supporting affidavits were forgeries. The most important of these was one alleged to be from Ahmad Chafik, former husband of Princess Ashraf Pahlavi. The Khaibar Khan had presented the committee with what purported to be an affidavit from Chafik, then on the outs with the royal family. This document, ostensibly witnessed in the Iranian Consulate in Geneva, attested to the accuracy of documents in K.K.'s possession about proposals to build a huge sports arena in Iran, and so it had given important support to K.K.'s $2.5 million claim against the royal family. In Teheran, on November 24, 1963, however, Chafik repudiated the Geneva affidavit in a new affidavit that he signed for committee investigators. "This document was not prepared by me nor prepared at my direction; further, the signature appearing on the document was not placed thereon by myself, nor is it my signature," he attested.

Wolf added that, among the documents supplied to the committee by the Khaibar Khan was a photostated letter ostensibly signed by Iranian Ambassador Mahmoud Foroughi in Washington. Wolf exhibited photostats of two other letters signed by Ambassador Foroughi and said he had verified the signatures as genuine. He added that these signatures bore "no resemblance whatsoever" to the signature on the document the Khaibar Khan had submitted.

Two other witnesses reinforced Wolf. The first was Mrs. Kathleen Parker, of North Hollywood, Calif., a former employee of the Beverly Hills bank and one of the three who, Wolf had testified, identified Mariam Kushan as the woman who posed as Princess Fatemeh. Though the other two employees did not testify, Mrs. Parker appeared positive in her testimony. She had handled arrangements, she said, the day the account was opened. She had talked to both the woman and the man. Though she could not identify the man, she was certain that Mariam Kushan was the woman who had used the name of Princess Fatemeh. Mrs. Parker's identification rested on three main points: Mariam Kushan's "foreign accent," her "very striking" dark eyes, and the fact that "her hair was done up in a French twist."

William Emmett Burke, Jr., an architect from Albuquerque, N. Mex., whose name had appeared on the purported Geneva bank statement as the ostensible recipient of one of the Pahlavi Foundation checks, denied emphatically that he had ever received the money. He also testified that he had been involved in a series of dealings with the Khaibar Khan, Mariam Kushan and others concerning the possibility of erecting a sports arena in Iran. Burke charged that he had lost almost $80,000 and said he had a suit for $300,000 for restitution of funds and defamation pending against the Khaibar Khan in District of Columbia courts. In the same action, however, the Khaibar Khan has a counterclaim of $225,000 pending against Burke. The case is still awaiting trial.

Such was the extent of the McClellan committee's evidence—evidence whose nature was unknown to the Khaibar Khan, Mariam Kushan and Richard Wels—when the defense was given its imperfect innings. Wels, who had had to break off a Florida vacation when McClellan abruptly called the March 30 hearings, entered the hearing room for the first time when Mariam Kushan was called as a witness. The questioning quickly got to the subject of the mysterious Beverly Hills bank accounts in the names of Prince Mahmoud and Princess Fatemeh.

Miss Kushan testified that she had gone to Los Angeles in early October, 1962, and had stayed there about two or three weeks. While there, she had opened an account in her own name in the Wilshire Boulevard branch of the City National Bank of Beverly Hills. This, she testified positively, was the only bank account she had ever opened in California.

McCLELLAN: Were you required, when you opened the account, to sign a signature card?

MISS KUSHAN: Yes, sir; and also they asked for my passport.

She explained that, when she opened her account, "they took the number of my passport and everything."

At McClellan's request, Miss Kushan wrote her own name and the name of Fatemeh Pahlavi several times. She also wrote the name of Sally Mori. Mrs. Parker was then brought in to confront Miss Kushan, and she positively identified Miss Kushan as the woman who had posed as Princess Fatemeh.

Miss Kushan was equally flat and emphatic. She had not posed as Fatemeh and had not opened the Fatemeh account, she said; indeed, she had returned to New York and had not even been in California on November 5, 1962, when the account was opened. She said she had met Prince Mahmoud in Los Angeles in October, and she described him as about 6 feet 2, about 36 or 37 years old, of medium build, not stout and not thin; with an Iranian's dark black eyes and straight black hair. Mrs. Parker, asked whether this description matched the appearance of the man who had opened an account under the name of Prince Mahmoud, said:

"It does not seem to me he was quite that tall, but otherwise he was very big, and he was not actually heavy-set but he was not thin, and he did have black hair, and very black around the eyes, and black bushy brows and dark skin, and

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about the same age. I thought about 35."

"So the description she gave compares substantially with the man that did accompany her when you say that she came there and opened the account?" McClellan asked.

"That is right," said Mrs. Parker.

The Khaibar Khan was the next witness. From the start, McClellan made the committee's purpose clear. When the Khaibar Khan tried to discuss the issue of American aid to Iran, the fact that projects for which the money had been appropriated had not been built, McClellan responded:

My own opinion is I did not vote for it and I did not think it was necessary, but that is not the issue here. It is — the issue here is the charges that you have made with respect to the bank account that you submitted to us, what it purports to reveal, and also the photostatic copies of checks that you submitted, and what they purport to reveal, and those are the real issues.

McClellan read off the American names appearing on "checks" allegedly photostated by the Khaibar Khan's agents, and he asked whether the Khaibar Khan had made any attempt to "ascertain whether they are genuine or whether they are frauds or forgeries." K.K. cited the purported Geneva bank statement as proof that "the checks were issued and cashed." Earlier in the hearing, Wolf had testified that there was no evidence that "any of these checks were ever cashed."

MCCLELLAN: Now, would it surprise you to find out that all of this is false, that no such checks ever existed, and no such genuine checks ever existed, and that there is no such bank account in the Bank of Switzerland? Would that surprise you?

K.K.: Mr. Chairman, nothing surprises me, and the Shah with his power can do anything.

McClellan argued that the Shah could not speak for the bank; it was the bank that had said there was no Pahlavi Foundation account. K.K. retorted: "He [the Shah] owns 25 per cent of the Bank of Switzerland." The Khaibar Khan emphasized that the committee had not been able to get a simple authorization permitting it to examine the bank's records itself. And McClellan conceded that perhaps he had not gotten the authorization from "someone who is pretending to be an Ambassador of the Iranian Government, I don't recall some of his promises he did not keep when I thought he was trying to work with us, and I was trying to get information." But, he said, not getting the Ambassador's cooperation, he had sought and gotten the evidence elsewhere—from the bank itself.

The Khaibar Khan kept insisting that the "checks" and "bank statement" had been photostated in the Shah's own palace in Teheran, and when asked if he really believed distinguished Americans would accept money in this fashion, he retorted: "Is that embarrassment if I bring something through?" McClellan snapped, "You can't embarrass me," and said his only purpose was to give K.K. the justice he said he was seeking. The Khaibar Khan then stressed the undisputed fact that the U.S. Treasury breakdown of aid payments to Iran, a secret document, had been produced by his agents and had been checked "and it was true, and how can you say you don't believe it?" McClellan replied that it was very difficult for him to believe that the men whose names had appeared on the purported checks would be taking money out of foreign aid. He read the Khaibar Khan the letter from the two Swiss bank officials, denying that any Pahlavi Foundation account existed, and K.K. insisted "they did not give it the true story."

Matters had reached this virtual impasse when Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D., Wash.) injected a new note into the hearing by demanding that McClellan insist the Khaibar Khan name the agents who had spirited documents out of the Shah's palace. K.K. protested that he had had an agreement with the committee not to name such agents, as their lives would surely be forfeit if the Shah learned their identity. Jackson insisted that K.K. had "made a very serious charge" against some highly placed Americans and demanded an answer. "I am sorry; I cannot do it," K.K. said. McClellan, backing up Jackson, informed him that he no longer had an agreement with the committee on the matter and ordered him to answer. A contempt citation and possible jail sentence loomed clearly in the offing if the Khaibar Khan persisted in his refusal.

K.K. kept insisting that he could not name his agents "because of the safety." Some of his agents had been hanged, he said. McClellan was unmoved. "All right," he said. "Answer my question."

The Khaibar Khan conferred with Wels, then he said he would give the committee the names of two men. "We will give the name, and the Justice Department can send it to the Shah or the State Department can send it to their boss," K.K. snorted. He then named Taimour Khan Osivand and Mohammad Khan Kurdestani as the two agents who had brought him purloined Iranian documents.

Senator Jackson pounced instantly.

"Why do you say that their lives are in danger when their names are right on your organization here, the United Patriots for Justice?" he asked.

K.K. insisted that the Justice Department had required the names of the ruling council of his United Patriots for Justice, and so the names had been placed on the organization's letterhead. But Jackson insisted that it was ridiculous for the Khaibar Khan to have kept pretending he couldn't name his agents because disclosure would endanger their lives when such disclosure had already been made on the official letterhead of his conspiratorial organization. ". . . your testimony makes absolutely no sense," he told the Khaibar Khan.

McClellan now took up the cudgels. He pointed out that the Khaibar Khan, in a letter his United Patriots for Justice had filed with the United Nations, had charged that more than $300 million of American aid funds had been diverted into the pockets of "corrupt American and British officials and private citizens." He demanded that the Khaibar Khan name one "corrupt American official." K.K. squirmed and dodged, trying to avoid a direct answer, but he finally had to admit that the only names he had in mind were those that had appeared on the "checks" and the Geneva "bank statement." McClellan closed this phase of the discussion by saying: "You are demonstrating to me, and I think to anyone who reads this record, that you are stretching facts and trying to make them suit your own purpose. . . ."

The hearing ended with K.K.'s offer to furnish evidence showing that none of the projects for which

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the more than $300 million in American aid had been appropriated had been built. McClellan replied:

You can send all of that that you want to. That doesn't prove that American officials are corrupt or that they got the money. If you have anything on that, that is what you ought to be submitting. The fact that they haven't been built, I don't know why they haven't been built. That may be the fault of your government. I am not defending your government. I don't know. Probably if I had my way about it, the money would never have been sent over there in the first place.

On this note, McClellan closed out the investigation that he had billed to the Senate on February 8 as a thorough study of what was happening to American aid funds in Iran.

Was it, then, all a fraud? Or was there some validity to the Khaibar Khan's charges that United States foreign aid to Iran was being diverted from its intended purposes? On the basis of the now-public record of these hearings, it is difficult to determine; for there is no direct confrontation of witnesses and no cross-examination. Under such circumstances, certain critical questions that might have helped to resolve this question did not get asked or answered.

Not until the hearing was over, not until the record had been made public days later, did Richard Wels get a chance to become acquainted with the full case the committee had built against the Khaibar Khan. In a letter to McClellan on April 21, he raised arguments attacking much of the committee's case against the authenticity of the Khaibar Khan's documents.

In concluding his letter, Wels stressed that there remained the great unanswered question: What did happen to the billions of dollars of American aid that had been ladled out to Iran for projects that never seemed to get themselves built?

"Those reports of the Comptroller General which I have seen, and which are not classified," he wrote McClellan, "certainly establish that such grave abuses have occurred, in Iran and outside of Iran. Certainly the classified reports of the Comptroller General relating to the Iranian program with which you must be familiar establish much more."

He pointed out that Senator Wayne Morse (D., Ore.) has repeatedly demanded that the "secret" label be taken off all such foreign-aid reports so that the American public may know the real facts about what is happening to the billions of dollars taken out of the taxpayers' pockets for foreign aid.

"The members of the Committee on Government Operations of the United States Senate receive even the 'secret' reports of the Comptroller General," Wels wrote McClellan. "Their committee particularly is charged with the operation of governmental agencies, including the foreign aid program. Yet if that Committee, or any member of it, has supported Senator Morse's proposal that those reports be made available to the taxpayers, I have not heard of it. Is it not time to make all the facts available?"

Santo Domingo: Can We Withdraw?

Samuel Shapiro

May 14

For the editorial writer of *The Wall Street Journal* (May 3, 1965) the justification is clear:

It seems plain that the supporters of former President Juan Bosch—those who started the revolution—include many Communists, perhaps mostly of the Cuban persuasion, and that General Wessin y Wessin, who has been trying to put down the revolution, is strongly anti-Communist. . . . The Dominican Republic is the victim of what certainly seems, at least in part, indirect aggression from without.

Time (May 7) provides a cover picture of the "painfully shy . . . tough little brigadier general" (captioned *Trying To Prevent Another Cuba*), praises Lyndon Johnson's "correct and beneficent intuition" and explains that "a firm hand was needed to keep order" in Santo Domingo. Later in the week an unnamed source in Washington releases a list of fifty-eight Communists, "leftist activists," "intellectual Fidelistas" and men who have "close family connections" with communism, and asserts that they are "decisively influencing the political leadership of the rebellion." Given this background, the Senate and House agreed that our invasion was justified on the ground, in Congressman Fuqua's words, that "only this bold move prevented another nation from falling into the grasp of communism."

College professors are already in bad odor in Washington because some of them oppose what the United States is doing in Vietnam; Secretary Rusk, McGeorge Bundy and others have accused historians and social scientists of "hysteria," "naïveté" and "ignorance" on the subject. Even at the risk of further injuring my profession's reputation for good sense, I must suggest that we have made a mistake in occupying Santo Domingo and taking sides in the civil war there, and that a prolonged stay on the island might be the best break for Fidelismo since the attempted invasion of Cuba four years ago.

To begin, our action flatly violates the Charter of the Organization of American States. Article 15 of the Charter denies the right of any state or group of states "to intervene, directly or indirectly, for any reason whatever, in the internal or external affairs of any other state"; Article 17 forbids military occupation "even temporarily . . . on any grounds whatever." Sending the Marines ashore to protect American lives might be excused on humanitarian grounds, but our civilians have now been evacuated—and the troops remain. Illegal, unilateral action dismays our allies and costs us influence among the neutralists; even Senator Ellender complained that he did "not know how we shall be able to explain this action to the world in view of what we are doing in South Vietnam."

A second drawback to the Presi-

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dent's revival of gunboat diplomacy is the special resentment it arouses in Latin America. In the words of Mexico's Foreign Secretary, Antonio Carrillo Flores, it evokes "painful memories" throughout the hemisphere. Peru's Foreign Minister and Venezuela's Congress condemned the landings, and Uruguay, the oldest and most stable democracy in Latin America, is bringing charges against us at the United Nations. Previous anti-U.S. resolutions at the UN (Guatemala, 1954; Cuba, 1960; Panama, 1964) have been safely bottled up in the OAS, but it looks as though this one might break loose.

A final reservation about the wisdom of our action concerns the flimsy evidence that has been given to support the President's assertion on television that

> *what began as a popular democratic revolution, committed to democracy and social justice, very shortly . . . was taken over and really seized and placed in the hands of a band of Communist conspirators.*

It is certainly true that Castro has long been interested in the Dominican Republic. In 1947, twelve years before coming to power in Cuba, he participated in the abortive Cayo Confites expedition against Trujillo. In June, 1959, he sponsored another amphibious assault, which was wiped out. In 1960, 1961 and 1962, both before and after Trujillo's assassination, I interviewed Dominican exiles in Havana who spoke of their plans to seize power in their homeland with Castro's assistance. Communists and Fidelistas doubtless were engaged in the uprising against the Wessin y Wessin-backed dictatorship of Donald Reid Cabral; Juan Bosch and his supporters are in no better position to administer ideological purity tests than were John L. Lewis in 1937, or Martin Luther King in 1965. But, on the evidence presented so far, the Dominican revolution is no more Communist-controlled than the CIO or the civil rights movement.

Juan Bosch himself, the deposed President in whose name the revolt was undertaken, is no Communist, and has never been accused of being one by anybody to the left of the John Birch Society. A poet, professor, historian and novelist, he became President in 1962, by a 2-to-1 margin, in a thoroughly honest election, and enjoyed full U.S. support during the early months of his regime. Castro attacked him throughout his seven months in office and insists now that "Bosch has never been and possibly never will be a Communist." Though Bosch was not militant enough to satisfy Presidential envoy John Bartlow Martin or the CIA, he did remove the Communist leaders of the public employees' and electrical workers' unions. "Communism," he said in a speech two weeks after taking office, "means death, war, destruction and the loss of what we own."

General Francisco Caamano, who has assumed the office of President with Bosch's backing and in opposition to the Wessin y Wessin junta, has equally satisfactory non-Communist credentials. A midshipman in Trujillo's day, he went through the Amphibious Landing Forces school at Coronado, Calif., and spent six months with the Marines (against whom he may now have to fight) at Quantico, Va. None of his appointments so far (Armed Forces Minister, Secretary to the President, Ambassador to the United Nations and to the OAS) has involved anybody on the CIA's blacklist. Caamano insists that he has "no political affiliation," and ridicules the idea that he is a dupe of anybody:

> *How can you believe that fifty-three persons can dominate a nation where there are so many thousands of military men and where the military . . . and the people want only one thing: the return to constitutionalism.*

These sentiments from the top figures of the revolt are confirmed by almost all the reporters on the scene in the rebel-held district of the capital. James M. Goodsell, of *The Christian Science Monitor*, was unable to find any Communist leaders:

> *I tried to locate several of those whose names are on the list. I was not successful. . . . I could find no evidence that they were anywhere in . . . key command positions. . . . The top rebel command is in the hands of non-Communist elements who fiercely proclaim their opposition to communism.*

Other reporters also contradict the official American view. The rebels, many of them students or professional men, insist that they are fighting for Bosch and a constitutional government, not for Castro. American journals quote them as follows:

Herald Tribune: "I can't believe the Americans are on Wessin's side. We thought they would be for us."

National Observer: "We are not Communists. Wessin is killing us from hunger and taking our jobs. We can't compromise with a military dictatorship."

Copley News Service: "Here in Santo Domingo there is no communism. What we are trying to do is regain our liberty. . . . This is a movement for the restoration of the constitution with Juan Bosch as president."

Time: "A group of young rebels pleadingly told *Time's* representative, 'We are not Communists. We are active anti-Communists. We are fighting for the constitution, for Bosch. When the constitution is restored, we will keep

Abu: The Observer (London)

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the Communists out. We can handle them.'"

Given these comments by the leaders and some of the followers of the uprising, it is at least arguable that our intervention was a mistake, a blind application of force where patience, politics and diplomacy were indicated. General Caamano's forces were apparently close to victory when the U.S. Marines and paratroopers arrived and began fighting in support of the old order. Juan Bosch's bags were packed, and he was ready to return to the country of which he is, after all, the legally elected President. Had we flown him to Santo Domingo as he repeatedly pleaded, and limited our operation there to the evacuation of American civilians, we might have seen one of the few victories for democracy over predatory militarism in Latin America during the past few years.

Even after Mr. Johnson responded to Ambassador William Tapley Bennett's urgent request for troops, it would still have been possible to concentrate on peace-keeping and avoid taking sides. Johnson did promise to "support no single man or any single group of men in the Dominican Republic." But when our Marines and paratroops arrived, they went into action at the side of Wessin y Wessin's regular troops, the instrument of Trujillo's tyranny for so many decades. Ambassador Bennett, whose friendships with the Dominican oligarchy go back to his service there from 1941-44, expressed his belief to the junta that "with determination [their] plans [would] succeed." It was this open alliance with reaction that led Bosch to charge that Bennett

> *incorrectly informed President Johnson and the State Department. . . . This information has cost American lives and it would have cost more lives if I had given the order to kill.* [Bennett] *has rendered a great service to the Communist parties in the Americas. . . . I am not well prepared to deal with the thousands and thousands of young Communists that American actions are creating.*

And Fidel Castro, in his May Day speech, agrees: "What will make the Dominican people leftist is precisely the Yankee intervention."

It remains to be seen how accurate are these prophecies by the Dominican democrat and the Cuban revolutionary; certainly the wisdom of Mr. Johnson's decision will be long debated. But now that we *are* in the Dominican Republic, with some 20,000 troops cordoning off the rebels in the old part of the capital, it is important to think about how we can disengage ourselves with as little loss of life and prestige as possible. The present armed truce, signed by General Caamano and the original army junta, but not by the new junta or by the United States, is very unstable. Sniping by irresponsible civilians and the killing of Marines who have strayed out of the U.S.-held sector could touch off a major battle, with thousands af casualties (some 2,000 Dominicans died during the chaotic early days of the rebellion; many of them were civilians killed by stray bullets or the inaccurate bombing attacks by Wessin y Wessin's planes). It is to be hoped that the United States will avoid any attempt to extend the area it presently controls. General Caamano has sworn to fire on any troops that move beyond the present lines, and Old Santo Domingo would be a hard city to clear of determined defenders.

One promising way to escape the dilemma of fighting if we stay, or anarchy if we leave, would be to turn the situation over to the inter-American forces now authorized by a potentially historic session of the OAS. While we got the necessary two-thirds for the resolution by counting the vote of the Dominican Republic's repudiated ambassador (Chile, Mexico, Uruguay, Ecuador and Peru opposed the move, and Venezuela abstained), we can probably count on enough troops from five or six countries to lend a suitably international flavor to our hitherto unilateral operation. At Latin insistence, moreover, the contemplated force is to be under OAS control, and to enter and leave the Dominican Republic on the joint orders of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs. If such a peace-keeping body can be set up on a permanent basis, and if it can be kept from degenerating into a mere tool of our State Department, it might strengthen inter-American ties and banish the specter of the Big Stick.

Any external power that comes to exercise control in the Dominican Republic—whether the Pentagon or the OAS—will face the delicate question of which of the competing governments it is to recognize. Washington has so far lined up with the Wessin y Wessin junta which operates from the San Isidro base across the Ozama River from the capital, but which seems to have no support beyond the reach of Marine bayonets. Wessin y Wessin, a devout Catholic, personally honest and fanatically anti-Communist, is highly regarded by the State Department, the Pentagon and the Luce publications. But he was the chief plotter in the coup that overthrew Bosch. His air force troops were badly mauled by Caamano's armed civilians before the U.S. Marines and paratroops arrived, and the wildly inaccurate attacks of his bombers turned even the politically apathetic against him. Not even the new five-man junta set up to disguise his control (headed by General Antonio Imbert Barreras, one of the two survivors of the CIA-sponsored plot that assassinated Trujillo four years ago) is likely to win any popular assent to his continued rule.

General Caamano, sworn in as Provisional President to fill Bosch's term, is also tarred with the Trujillista brush; his father, a retired lieutenant general, was head of the so-called Quarenta y Dos (the Forty-Two), the savage secret police of the Benefactor. U.S. officials charge that Caamano is being counseled by "known Communists," and that he promised the three pro-Communist party leaders "a decisive voice in running the government." One intelligence officer told reporter William Giandoni that he knew "on very damn good sources" that Communists controlled the whole rebel movement. Whether these charges are true or not, a State Department dominated by hard-line officials is not likely to take any chances, and the outlook, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, is for "a prolonged policing element." The last time the Marines landed in Santo Domingo, they remained eight years (1916-24) and left Trujillo as a legacy.

Whichever government may emerge from the present jumble will have to deal with the persistent problems of an underdeveloped economy and an undereducated people. About 100,000 children out in the countryside are workers *sin sueldo* (without salaries), who never see a school and eke out a

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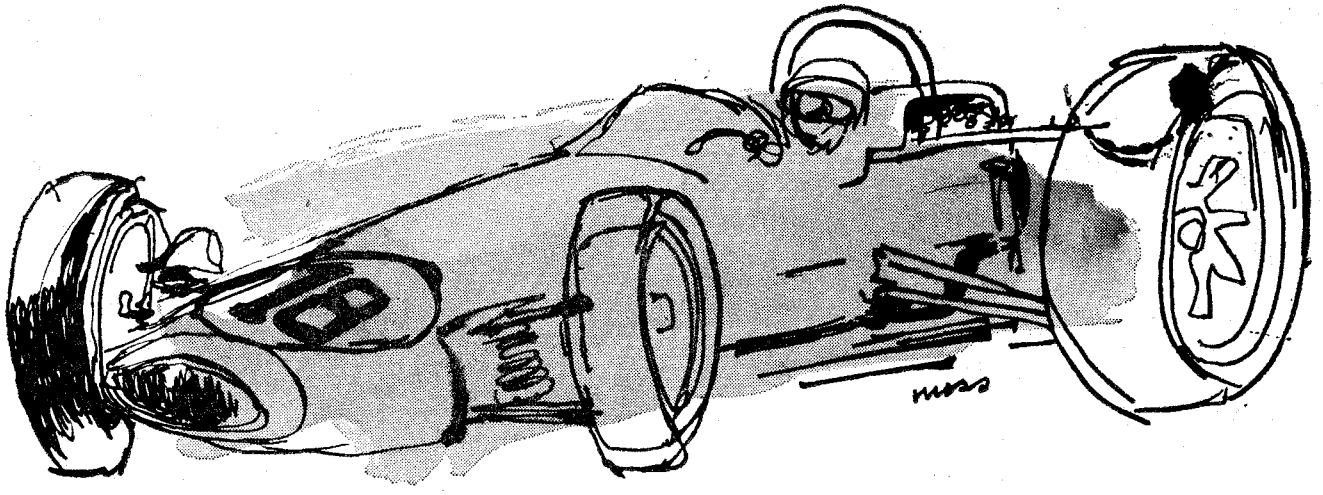
precarious existence by farm labor. Two-thirds of the republic's 500,000-acre forest reserve has been destroyed by itinerant slash-and-burn agriculture, with consequent erosion and floods. The country depends on sugar for three-fifths of its foreign exchange, and the disastrous slide from 7.8c a pound last year to 2.5c today caused wage cuts and layoffs, and was a significant factor in the fall of Reid Cabral. There is some industry, and fairly good roads, hydroelectric plants, docks and municipal water supply: Trujillo was a combination of John D. Rockefeller, Napoleon and Caligula. But a lot of his estimated $800-million fortune was taken out of the country by his progeny, and four years of military rule and upheaval, with continued control of the economy by the "tutumpotes" (the "all-powerful" oligarchy) have reduced the great mass of the population to a wretchedness not much better than the absolute misery across the border in Haiti. If the so far inert rural masses ever rise, they could sweep away the quarreling factions in the capital like a hurricane.

A final question that arises out of the sudden storm in the Caribbean is that of its possible effect on American politics and society. On the day Lyndon Johnson sent the first 400 Marines ashore, he repeated his determination to put through the Great Society at home, no matter what misadventures occurred in the Dominican Republic, Vietnam or elsewhere. But the first installment for our stepped-up war in Asia comes to $700 million, with a blank check issued to cover our aggressive Caribbean policy. Secretary McNamara has canceled his plans to eliminate the draft, and inductions are up sharply: 3,000 in February, 7,900 in March, 13,700 in April, more than 15,000 in May. If our actions in the Dominican Republic imply that we are going to land troops in any Latin country that might just possibly be in danger of going Communist, then we are in for a long tour of duty as voluntary — and hated — gendarmes of the Americas. Historically, all the major reform movements of this century have petered out in the financial and emotional expense of wars: the New Freedom in World War I, the New Deal in World War II, the Fair Deal in the cold war and Korea. If mischance or miscalculation causes the delicate Dominican situation to blow up in our face, the war on poverty may be shelved for a more martial conflict.

Auto Racing

DETROIT FIGHTS IT OUT . . . . . Leo Levine



The biggest sporting event in this country, judging by the number of persons who can cram into the arena, is the Memorial Day Indianapolis "500." When this automobile race is run for the 49th time at the end of this month, more than 300,000 will pay to pass through the gates.

The second biggest event—again according to the number who pay to see it in person—took place on Saturday, May 15, also in Indianapolis. That was the opening day of time trials for the "500," the day on which the fastest qualifier wins the right to occupy the inside-front-row position at the start of the race itself. There is no race on Saturday, merely a haphazard view of one car at a time circling the 2.5-mile track, then the announcement of the elapsed time and average speed for the four laps; but in 1964, more than 225,000 paid to witness these preliminaries.

The annual outpouring at Indianapolis is the greatest manifestation of interest in what used to be a sport but has now turned into a big and confusing business. How big? In 1964, American auto makers, fuel companies and tire, spark plug, shock absorber, piston ring, brake lining and related manufacturers invested more than $50 million in it. More than 40 million persons paid to watch it.

Auto racing is big and it is going to grow bigger because Detroit has discovered that participation in automobile racing, or for that matter even a peripheral association with it, sells cars. The youth of the nation is interested, and youth today is the buying public not only of the future but of next

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week. By 1967, more than 50 per cent of the American population will be younger than 25. A high-performance image is the best way to sell these customers.

The degree of industry involvement varies. Ford is the leader and proud of it, having for the past two years supported a program which has placed its cars in almost every phase of the sport. General Motors claims it does not race—and in May of last year its board chairman, Frederic G. Donner, personally assured the press that GM doesn't race. Nevertheless, this biggest (and smartest) of automakers is also tied in with racing and is carefully watching Ford's success.

The Chrysler Corporation invests heavily in certain areas — though not nearly as lavishly as Ford — while American Motors, despite having been forced to put the shift lever back on the floor, so to speak, still abstains. Of the accessory manufacturers, Goodyear and Firestone are the most active and are waging a savage battle for domination of the race-tire field, domestically and internationally.

Detroit, Akron and the rest compete in five basic forms of the sport: oval track racing with single seaters (Indianapolis is included here), oval track stock car racing, road racing with stock and sports cars, drag racing and rallies.

Late-model stock car racing, a comparatively recent phenomenon (the first race of this type took place in the late 1940s), is biggest in the Southeast and is perhaps loved best by the manufacturers because the vehicles involved at least *look* like something the spectators can buy. Not that many could afford them. As one of the South's better-known builders of this sort of machinery puts it: "You take the stock water pump and jack it up, then you start adding on your own pieces." The entire car is dismantled, the interior is gutted, everything is reinforced and refined, such items as standard production hubs, brakes, shock absorbers being replaced with special heavy-duty equivalents. The engine is thoroughly gone over and its horsepower output boosted to about 550. An immensely strong roll cage is installed around the driver's seat to enable him to survive crashes. By the time the standard production car comes out of one of the more reputable shops, such as Holman & Moody of Charlotte, N.C. (they set up the factory-backed Fords), the list price is $10,000.

A car such as this is capable of running at a top speed of 185 miles an hour and will lap the Daytona Beach 2.5-mile high-banked circuit at an average of 170. The factory-sponsored vehicles will use one or more engines for practice at a big race, then use another for the event itself. That's when it starts to get expensive. Racing tires, although supplied at cost or less by Goodyear and Firestone, cost $50 apiece and the Daytona "500" can involve five tire changes. In 1964, it was reliably reported that the stock car races were costing Ford $10,000 per car per race.

The biggest organization sanctioning and promoting stock car races is NASCAR, which stands for National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing. NASCAR sanctions about 1,000 races per year, 60-odd of which count toward the Grand National championship. That's what attracts the manufacturers. At various times the NASCAR picture has been dominated by one company or another. In 1961-62, Pontiac made good use of the NASCAR circuit as part of its drive to change the Pontiac image from that of an old ladies' car to being the hottest thing on the market. In 1963, Ford was pretty much the leader; last year Ford and Mercury fought it out with Chrysler's Plymouth and Dodge. The Plymouths and Dodges were almost always the fastest in 1964, but Fords won slightly more than half the races, being a little more reliable.

In 1965, the rules were changed so that the engine which Chrysler had been using was declared ineligible as being a "nonproduction" item. Chrysler withdrew its NASCAR support for this year and is instead concentrating on the somewhat smaller USAC stock car circuit. Ford does not participate in USAC stock car events, so there is the ludicrous situation that each manufacturer has a ready-made championship in its own league.

NASCAR is totally controlled by William Henry Getty (Bill) France, a towering 54-year-old former mechanic and driver who is originally from a place called Horsepasture, Va., and who is the most important man in American racing. For more than a decade now—at least until this season — he has played one manufacturer against the others and built his empire to the point where, in 1964, NASCAR races paid out more than $2.5 million in prize money, including $1.3 million in Grand National races.

France's four biggest tracks are at Daytona Beach (his headquarters); Charlotte, N.C.; Darlington, S.C., and Atlanta, Ga. Crowds have ranged as high as 80,000 at Daytona and Darlington, 65,000 at Charlotte and 55,000 at Atlanta. Each runs two races per year and they are money-makers.

This year, France is being squeezed. With Chrysler's boycott and GM's nonparticipation he is stuck with Ford, and one-make races are not calculated to titillate the spectators. Attendance all around the circuit has been off and about the only thing that will bring it back is the appearance of another car — preferably from General Motors.

The newest model Chevrolet, equipped with an engine rated the best horsepower producer ever to come out of Detroit, is expected to make its debut soon. The sponsor, at least outwardly, is the Southeastern Chevrolet Dealers Association, but France himself is also behind the car. The Chevrolet, with a little indirect factory support, figures to be as fast as, if not faster than, the Fords. If it isn't, in all likelihood they will set the car up so that it will at least qualify among the fastest—thus grabbing valuable pre-race newspaper space—and won't worry too much about what happens during the event itself. There is more than one way to skin the cat.

Stock car racing is only one part of the Ford effort and causes a lot less grief in Dearborn than do some of the related programs. No other firm has ever attempted to win on as many fronts at one time. Even the Daimler-Benz AG, which has a competition record unparalleled in the history of racing, built cars for more than one championship only once (1955) and then quit, there being no more worlds to conquer and the market situation in Germany being so good that they they still, a decade later, have a waiting list.

In addition, Daimler-Benz had a wealth of home-grown technicians who were familiar with the

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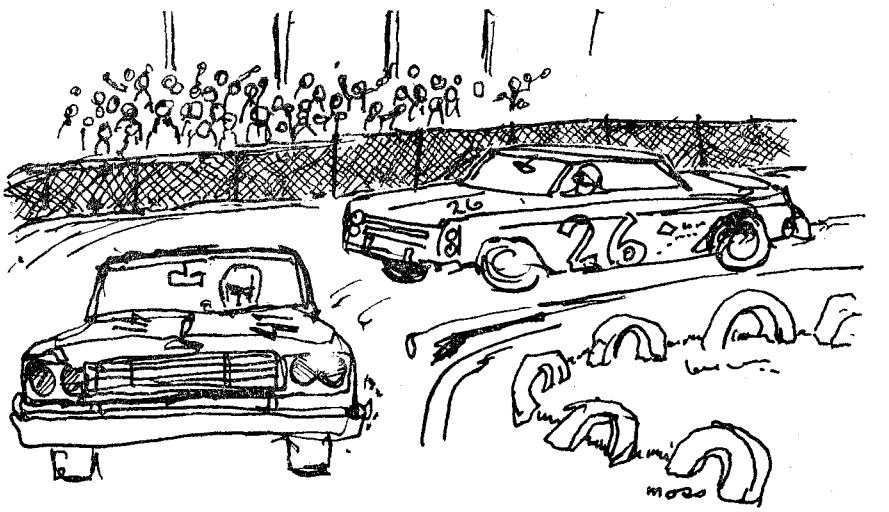
racing business and who had years of experience in it before they decided to do two things at once. Ford, with practically no racing experience, has been farming out most of the work. Holman & Moody runs the stock car part of the enterprise and does it well. The Indianapolis part of the program began with Ford supplying engines and an Englishman, Colin Chapman, building the chassis and running the two-car entry. Chapman's rear-engined creations gave the Indianapolis Establishment some long-overdue lessons in chassis design, and Ford's V8 engine is now well on its way to supplanting the four-cylinder Offenhauser.

But in its first two tries at Indianapolis, Ford was not able to do better than second. This year, there doesn't seem to be much doubt about a Ford victory, with seventeen Ford-powered cars entered, but the publicity bloom is already off the rose. Any splash Ford might have made by coming, seeing and conquering should have been made in the first year. By the 1966 race, when the Ford engines (at $15,000 per copy) will be in practically everyone's hands, there will scarcely be any mention of the type of power plant, or of whether it is placed fore or aft.

The most confusing part of Ford's racing is in long-distance sports car events. In 1963, Ford tried to purchase the Italian Ferrari firm, some marketing mumbo-jumbo in Detroit having reasoned that the famous Italian trademark would enhance the image of a six-cylinder Falcon. Negotiations broke down at the last minute and Ford then decided if it couldn't buy them it would beat them.

Ford then bought a rear-engined coupe design created by Eric Broadley, one of the better-known English race car constructors, and (with Broadley's help) set about transforming this into something of its own. It was spectacularly unsuccessful in 1964, nine of the cars starting in four races and none of them finishing. At the beginning of this year the GT40 coupes, as they are named, were first and third at the 2,000-kilometer Daytona race, and another was second in the Sebring (Fla.) twelve-hour affair, thus giving high hopes to Ford people and tending to make them overlook the basic fact that the car lacks horsepower.



Ford's main objective for the rear-engined coupe is victory in the "24 Hours" of Le Mans, the world's most famous endurance race, which this year will be run on June 19-20. The way things look to all but Ford people, the only way a Ford can win is if the Italian cars drop out en masse—a highly unlikely prospect, considering that fourteen are entered.

In drag racing, which consists of covering a quarter-mile from a standing start quicker than the next fellow, Ford gets its share of wins but not as many as Plymouth and Dodge. Drag racing draws more than 7 million spectators, including the "hard core" youth market, and success here is important. As Leo Beebe, the head of the Ford competition, says, "The racing successes may improve the image, but the drag success on a Sunday will make them go right out and buy on Monday."

General Motors watches with interest, but as yet has not watched with alarm. For one thing, GM's share of the market is so huge now that it is always looking over its shoulder to see if the antitrust people are following. Secondly, GM identifies its products with racing without actually racing. There are Pontiacs, for example, named Bonneville, Le Mans, Grand Prix and GTO, all names taken directly from racing. Buick has the Gran Sport, Chevrolet the Monza (a famous circuit) and the Corsa (Italian for race), and Chevrolet and Pontiac have for some time used the checkered flag motif in their design. General Motors, to be sure, does not content itself with sticking Walter Mitty flags on the sides of its cars. Every so often the door to the GM Technical Center at Warren, Mich., opens just a crack and a look at what is going on inside is enough to make Ford and Chrysler shudder.

The car of Texas oil millionaire Jim Hall, which decisively defeated all the Fords in the Sebring twelve-hour race, is an example. Hall, despite a Cal Tech engineering degree and the money which he and partner Hap Sharp have at their command, did not design this advanced-concept car by himself. His ties with Warren are well known and there is little doubt that he got a good deal of help. Hall's automatic transmission, for example (the first one ever to work successfully on a competition car), and the peculiarly designed wheels which are such a help in lowering brake temperatures, both came straight from GM.

The last time General Motors technicians came out in the open was at the Bahamas Speed Week in December, 1963. They cleaned house there, but the exposure in the press, sprinkled liberally with sarcastic remarks concerning GM's policy of nonparticipation, were enough to clamp the lid down. Thus GM's back-room engineers are in a dilemma. They aren't supposed to be doing anything of this sort—Donner means what he says—but when the day comes that GM's top management decides to go to the races, they had better be ready to win that same afternoon.

Does it work? Does it sell cars? It is obvious that all the manufacturers think it helps. How much it helps they probably don't know, but one thing they predict with confidence—American Motors is not going to sell many Ramblers in the youth market.

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The New World: Fragments of the Old

THE FOUNDING OF NEW SOCIETIES. By Louis Hartz. With contributions by Kenneth D. McRae, Richard M. Morse, Richard N. Rosecrance, Leonard M. Thompson. Harcourt, Brace & World. 366 pp. $6.50.

Howard Zinn

Louis Hartz is a brilliant Harvard political theorist who a decade ago wrote a bold interpretation of American history and thought entitled *The Liberal Tradition in America.* In it, he sought to explain why the United States lacked "a genuine revolutionary tradition," by arguing that we came into the world without a feudal heritage, that we were "born equal" (quoting de Tocqueville), that consequently our entire history has been played out within the confines of "Lockian liberalism."

This liberalism, he noted, contained conflicting strains of individualism and conformity: in the 1950s it was the "hidden conformitarian germ" in Lockianism that revealed itself during the McCarthy hysteria, producing rigidity both in domestic and foreign policy. Because of the limitations inherent in Lockianism, Hartz said, he doubted that we could find, inside our heritage, the resources to transcend it. Only the impact of events abroad, the world outside crashing into our liberal integument, might free us from our "colossal liberal absolutism."

In *The Founding of New Societies,* Hartz recapitulates this analysis of the U.S., presents interpretive essays by other scholars on Latin America, South Africa, Canada and Australia, and tries to bring all these under the roof of a general theory. According to this overview, all of the societies studied in the book have *something important in common:* they are "fragments" of a larger European whole. As such, they are charged with the character of the societies they left behind: Latin America is a feudal fragment, the United States a bourgeois fragment, Australia is radical, South Africa a compound of Dutch bourgeois and British radical fragments, Canada a compound of French feudal and British bourgeois fragments.

But fragments, Hartz says, are not mere chips off the old block. Hurled onto new soil and into a "vacuum," something happens to them; they lapse into "a kind of immobility." Thus, the United States experienced "three hundred years of liberal immobility," as did Latin America with feudalism, Australia with radicalism, and so on. Hartz of course recognizes the differences among these societies, but claims the crucial thing is what they share: "the traditionalizing impact of fragmentation." European ideology brought into new surroundings finds itself alone, with no rivals, so that "it becomes a universal, sinking beneath the surface of thought to the level of an assumption."

Not that the fragment society does not develop; it does so furiously, but always within the confines of the tradition it inherited. That tradition accumulates tremendous power, and becomes "a moral absolute," fed by the truculent patriotism natural to an insecure fragment, expressing itself in slogans like "the American way of life," "the French-Canadian spirit," etc. Cut off from the rich mixture of ideas in Europe where ideologies reverberate and intermarry, the fragment is limited in its understanding of the world.

This divorce from the market place of ideas explains the trauma that fragment societies experience when faced with genuine revolution. These new societies were sheltered, but security "was purchased at the price of a larger vision." It is no accident, Hartz says, that none of them have produced a major social philosophy. Now the world is aflame with change, and the fragment societies cannot escape. They have a "delayed rendezvous with Babeuf," and the delay itself heightens the drama of the encounter.

These cloistered, derivative societies must somehow deal with a world for which their experience has not prepared them; thus, what is required is "a leap of the imagination." And this "is resisted by Wilsonian theories of liberal imposition, by demonological theories of Bolshevism, by sheer isolationism." Yet, Hartz has hope. In his earlier book he doubted that the United States would find the inner resources to meet the challenge, but now he sees "new generations emerging in the fragment to whom the old alignments become increasingly empty."

So goes the "fragment theory": ingenious, daring, provocative. To evaluate with care the essays on Australia, South Africa, Canada and Latin America would require the services of four different experts; I will concentrate on the application of the theory to the United States. Let me just note that there are difficulties in fitting all these societies into the fragment theory, as Hartz himself knows, and as his fellow contributors acknowledge either by straining to do so or by simply ignoring it. Can one say that the Latin American fragments of Spain have shown a greater "immobility" than Spain herself, or Brazil a more limited development than Portugal? In other words, where have revolutionary movements flowered more—in the "isolated" countries of Latin America, or in Spain and Portugal? A rough comparison between the United States and England does not necessarily work to the theory's advantage. Has England —Labour Party, socialized medicine and all—really transcended the "liberal tradition" or developed a genuine revolutionary movement? Is not the bourgeois experience unfolding as richly (and as poorly) in West Germany as in America?

Richard Morse, writing on Latin America, wisely makes no real attempt to fit the theory with the facts. Leonard M. Thompson works at integrating South Africa into a "double-fragment" theory, as does Kenneth McRae with the "two fragments" of Canada. Richard Rosecrance, in his essay on Australia, points, as do all the others, to that factor which may enable all of these societies to overcome their rigidities: the impact of the outside world and its demands. What I would add perhaps is that the terms "outside" and "inside" are deceptive; there are "outsiders" within every society, who may switch from "inside" to "outside" depending on circumstances.

One does not need a fragment theory to find in the world today many of the qualities which Hartz describes, but they are common both to the wholes and to the fragments: the de-

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velopment of irrational nationalism; the clinging to tradition in the face of revolution; the need for nations to transcend their own historical past in order to deal with the new expectations of the 20th century. Perhaps the glamour of a labyrinthian overall theory is useful in drawing attention to the nuggets of truth in its crevices. It also has the disadvantage of attracting intellectual tourists who may not search too deeply.

One major difficulty in concentrating, as Hartz does, on European societies and their offshoots is that it leads to an overemphasis on differences *within* the Western community —between the United States and Europe for instance—when the rise of the Afro-Asian world today with its rich variety puts both the United States and Europe in the same position as uneasy defenders of the *status quo*. Hartz sees this, but interprets it as something new, as if we were only now brought face to face with the world. Yet, was the Monroe Doctrine a counter to the threat of Metternich or a substitute for it? Did we rescue Cuba in 1898, or take it over? Does our failure to deal constructively with other nations begin after World War II or after the American Revolution?

What of the United States itself as a "liberal fragment"? Hartz is eager to find a *cause* for the lack of a revolutionary movement in the United States; yet he is reluctant to concede that our abundant natural resources and the way material conditions have given us the leeway to absorb discontent with mild reform have been more than contributory factors. Instead, he overemphasizes our infantile ideological heritage, our "Lockian" tradition, coming "ultimately out of the first of the 17th-century migrations."

How explain then that the American South where the very first of these migrations took place—a region more purely English in origin than any other part of the nation—remained a slave society for 200 years? Our slavery was at least a *kind* of feudalism; there are few *pure* feudalisms, as one discovers from Rushton Coulborn's set of comparative studies, *Feudalism in History*. Locke himself had his most direct contact with the colonies when writing the Fundamental Constitutions for the Carolinas, which established a system of feudal-type land baronies. Can the theory explain why the American North maintained slavery for a century? Or that *both* sections, being "born free" and "liberal," remained essentially racist in ideology throughout their history? Did slavery die out in the North because of our "liberal heritage" or because of its economic unfeasibility? The emphasis on ideological heritage rather than on material circumstances explains rigidity more successfully than it explains change.

But there is a more fundamental qualification. It is only when one sets aside the fact that at the time of the Revolution one of every five persons in the United States was a slave, that one can tolerate de Tocqueville's statement that we were "born free." And it is *not* enough to recognize slavery with a nod, only to push it aside and go on to talk of our fixed "liberal heritage." That is too much like writing a letter of recommendation describing someone as of "essentially good character" who only once a month commits murder.

When Hartz speaks of "a liberal cohesiveness which had been established from the outset in colonial life," it is not that he does not know of slavery or indentured servitude, or Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia, or the uprisings in Maryland, or Leisler's Rebellion in New York, or the great patroonships in the Hudson Valley, or the insurmountable contrast between rich and poor described in Carl Bridenbaugh's studies of colonial cities. When he emphasizes Gompers it is not that he does not know of Debs or Haywood or the Ludlow Massacre. But political theory is an abstraction from an incredibly complex set of facts, not a confusing reproduction of that complexity; it aims to point up the neglected, to emphasize the overlooked. Hartz wants to correct the Progressive school of American historiography (Beard, Parrington) which presented Federalists and Anti-Federalists, Jeffersonians and Hamiltonians, Jacksonians and Whigs, as fierce combatants. He wants to correct the Marxist historians (Aptheker, Foner) who emphasize the slave revolts and the class struggles of the American past.

Hartz, like Richard Hofstadter, in *The American Political Tradition*, is telling us that our supposedly titanic struggles have been more like wrestling matches, with loud groans concealing the essential fraternalism of the encounter, and with both combatants having a common interest in the cash receipts. Our history, they insist, has been more of consensus than conflict. They hold this view not with satisfaction but with regret, because the secure life has caused us to miss not only the excitement but the education of genuine social struggle, and left us ill prepared for the revolutions that rise around us in this century.

There is no real quarrel between the Hofstadter-Hartz school and that of Aptheker-Foner. The first group is describing the dominant world of the consensus; the other is telling us what lies just beyond our middle-class vision. One group is describing the visible world, the other the underworld. Both are describing two significant aspects of our social reality, but Hartz's emphasis on the "liberal tradition" sometimes blurs the distinction. Our "tradition" is our public thought, expressed in books, newspapers, the world of academic and mass communication. This tradition is produced by a small number of Americans (both liberals and conservatives) who do not live at the poles of existence, but in a temperate and comfortable climate. Yet, thinking has taken place in our country outside this tradition. Most of it is private, and often it is not really thinking, but *feeling*—not an ideology, but a mood. It has expressed itself spasmodically and unpredictably, whether in the slave revolts, or the bloody labor struggles between 1877 and 1914 (probably the most violent in the world), or in the current wave of Negro uprisings both South and North, or even in individual acts of "crime" (which are in themselves forms of social protest). All this is outside the consensus; it goes largely unregistered in the antiseptic environment of the public-opinion polls.

To overemphasize these undercurrents is to repeat the blind optimism of dogmatic Marxists who were always

Through Cloudy Leaves

From an open window
the clouds
a duller white
than the belly of gulls
stand up in layers.
Curled — the heads of Cupidons
but shinier a jetplane flash.

A songsparrow
stabs me with
his silver pin.
No sound is so real
as the listening for
a sound.
Hear
now as much of the unknowable
an English horn
stammers through a mind
and leafy clouds.

Eve Triem

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seeing "the revolution" around the corner, and who could never quite accept the fact that this country developed the largest, most complacent middle class in the world, and with it a "liberal ideology" that reached far down into the working class. But to ignore this underworld is to fail to appreciate that its rumblings helped bring the reforms which kept the liberal consensus afloat. It is also to underplay the possibilities of dramatic change. Who—seeing the "Sambo" and "Uncle Tom" quiescence as dominant in the American Negro heritage, and the history of revolt as admittedly minor—would have predicted before 1960 that hundreds of thousands of Negroes taking to the streets would give this country the shakes? World history is full of surprises—especially for historians and political theorists.

The Founding of New Societies is an important and continually fascinating book. It insists that we see our nation in a larger context. Yet, in emphasizing how the "fragments" are different from the whole, Hartz is repeating on a slightly larger scale what he criticizes in all of us: the mistaking of small differences for crucial ones. We are all—the United States, England, Russia, China, Australia, South Africa—fragments of humanity, partially realized, narrow, dogmatic, to the extent that we isolate ourselves not only from the feelings of the rest of the world but from those which lie, in our own societies, just outside, in the darkness, waiting.

Tracking the American Intellectual

THE NEW RADICALISM IN AMERICA 1889-1963: The Intellectual as a Social Type. By Christopher Lasch. Alfred A. Knopf. 349 pp. $6.95.

Edward T. Chase

Professor Lasch issues a seductive invitation—to read about "what it means to pursue the life of reason." People like to read about themselves. Since the Kennedy administration, when intellectuals finally achieved the status of a privileged class, folks everywhere have been detected trying to adopt the style. *The Wall Street Journal* worries about college seniors opting for grad school, or for public service, or a Mississippi summer in preference to business. So here is an essentially academic book that should find an audience beyond the academy. Furthermore *Esquire's* superstar, Norman Mailer, is presented as the final, the definitive, and possibly the most absurd embodiment of what the author celebrates as "the new radicalism."

It is not nearly so new, though, as this implies, nor, to be candid, so exciting as the title and subtitle suggest. In a graceful opening chapter Lasch traces his new radicalism from Jane Addams, when she founded Hull House in 1889 in an access of anxiety to escape a life of genteel nullity. His leisurely commentary consists of casually related biographical essays about "intellectuals" from the turn of the century to the present. The choices are refreshingly subtle, even eccentric: the neurasthenic characters of novelists Margaret Deland and Robert Herrick, Randolph Bourne, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Fremont Older, Edward A. Ross, the *early*, early Walter Lippmann, the early Walter Lippmann and his colleagues and successors on *The New Republic*, John Dewey, Lincoln Colcord, Colonel House, Lincoln Steffens, Benjamin Ginzberg, Paul Rosenfeld, Reinhold Niebuhr, Sidney Hook, Dwight Macdonald—some seen in depth, others only glanced at.

Collectively, they constitute the prototypes of the intellectual class, a new class, as Lasch sees it, "a distinctively modern phenomenon, the product of the cultural fragmentation that seems to characterize industrial and postindustrial societies." He reminds us that de Tocqueville observed that all Americans hitherto had melted into a monolithic middle class, even the intellectuals, with much the same clothes, talk, aspirations. The new intellectual, as Lasch describes him, is one "for whom thinking fulfills at once the function of work and play," a self-conscious critic of society remote from the "practical business of production and power," presumably by choice.

If this sounds like what one always imagined the intellectual to be, Lasch has this to add: The modern American intellectual differs from his precursors by virtue of membership in a new sub-culture, "a beleaguered minority"—a status group that is self-defining and the consequence of the general decline of the patriarchal family and the traditional community formed by such families.

To more clearly understand Lasch's argument, it is helpful to know what qualities these intellectuals of the new radicalism from Miss Addams to Mr. Mailer share. This is not exactly uncomplicated. They share "the confusion of power and art, the effort to liberate the social and psychological underground by means of political action, the fevered pursuit of experience, the conception of life as an experiment, the intellectual's identification of himself with the outcasts of society." The nub of it is variously expressed by Lasch, but most often he sees the new radicalism differing from the old in its interest in questions which lie outside the realm of conventional politics. Thus "it was no longer his political allegiances alone which distinguished the radical from the conservative—rather it was his view of such issues as childhood, education, sex. The new radicals had not so much abandoned politics as redefined it, bringing to political debate questions formerly reserved to arts and letters."

This is a study to be admired, one we need and which will endure because it helps to make more intelligible our incredible journey from the 19th century to the mid-20th. Let it also be admitted that Lasch's collection seems remote from what is in fact emerging as the new radicalism of the sixties. The difficulty here is that history as revealed only through the unequal and disparate figures of the times is vulnerable to preciosity and occasionally even irrelevance. Yet, personally I rejoice at the independence of his method, in contrast to formal academic sociological analysis, since it allows greater play for his gifts of analogy and intuition.

Lasch demonstrates that the altruism and activism of a Jane Addams and later feminists, "intellectuals" all, possessed a powerful strain of anti-intellectualism since their rebellion was against "culture" itself, a blow in favor of experience over intellection. This was so because the care and preservation of culture in America had been entrusted to women, so that the rejection of women's traditional role tended to include all of its subsidiary functions.

Pursuing his theme of the betrayal

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of the life of reason by the devotees of this life, Lasch shows that Randolph Bourne, whose public reputation rested on his opposition to United States involvement in World War I, was really nonpolitical, that his opposition was in fact "a politically negative act." For Bourne resented war not on the grounds of justice and injustice but strictly because he saw that it represented "a monstrous intrusion of the public on the private" life. A long essay (too long) on Mabel Dodge Luhan suggests that such was the accelerating collapse of the traditional patriarchal family in the twenty years from Jane Addams to Mrs. Luhan that "life in respectable families no longer semed merely boring and pointless; it gave off now an atmosphere of actual decay." Rebel Mrs. Luhan, who appears as a fatuous, overbearing fraud, is driven to the desert and is credited by Lasch with being a pioneer in the cult of the orgasm. (Symbolic of something or other, she could only achieve it with her American Indian husband.)

Lasch feels that no such manifestations would have originated from the old-hat radicalism of progressivism, with its single-minded emphasis on muckraking, but could only come from a "revolutionary social upheaval, the exhaustion of the cultural tradition of the middle class" whose chief mark was the sentimental veneration of women. The new radicalism, Lasch urges, owed much to a "twofold discovery: the discovery of the dispossessed by men who themselves had never known poverty or prejudice, and the mutual self-discovery of the intellectuals. The combination of the two accounted for the intensity with which the intellectuals identified themselves with the outcasts of the social order: women, children, proletarians, Indians and Jews. At the very moment when they became aware of the other half of humanity, they became aware of each other and came to see themselves as yet another class apart."

Lasch credits the new radicals with interpreting juvenile delinquency in what one discovers are surprisingly contemporary terms, quite reminiscent of the theorists of today's Mobilization For Youth and HARYOU projects, namely, that it reflects a *legitimate* contempt for the ascendant culture, with its pieties and fakeries. He faults these radicals for being meliorists (much as Dr. Richard Cloward, the brilliant theorist of Mobilization, today faults the architects of the anti-poverty war), for asking for adjustment to defective institutions. Lasch's leitmotiv is that a basic confusion blighted the new radicalism since "the new radicals proposed political solutions for cultural problems and cultural solutions for political problems."

Denise Levertov, the poetry editor, will be on leave for the summer. During her absence no new poetry will be selected.

He enjoys a great romp tracing the ambiguities of *The New Republic's* noninterventionist, interventionist policies during World War I; he is appalled by the spectacle of men, committed to the contemplative life, succumbing to the instinctual urge to fight and to the collective fantasy that history, a totally autonomous force, must be allowed to prevail. In Lincoln Colcord, Lasch again pounces upon an underlying anti-intellectualism, signified by Colcord's expressed fear (in fact suppressed wish) that a vast destruction was about to overtake the world. Lincoln Steffens comes off best among all Lasch's characters in a splendidly written essay, though again Lasch emphasizes an abdication of intellect — Steffens' embrace of the notion of the inevitability of history's inscrutable laws.

In his concluding chapter, "The Anti-Intellectualism of the Intellectuals," Lasch is contemptuous of what he construes—overconstrues, I would say—as the hysterical rigidities of Reinhold Niebuhr's and Sidney Hook's anti-communism and their "unconditional acceptance" of American culture. He has no sympathy with the notion that President Kennedy would in fact have introduced what Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., announced would be " 'qualitative liberalism' dedicated to bettering the quality of people's lives and opportunities" (as contrasted with an earlier liberalism that effected major redistributions of wealth). He scolds Dwight Macdonald for a pointless negativism because he did not vote in the 1964 election, yet he himself seems to see the Kennedy administration as little more than an exercise in Harvard chic. These closing passages are not Lasch at his surest, which is perhaps understandable, given the nearness of the events. Yet I would say his interpretation of Norman Mailer's megalomania which concludes the book strikes me as fair and penetrating; he links Mailer with all the protagonists that have gone before, by once more pointing out the new radical's confusion of politics and culture, a confusion triggered in the first place by the isolation of the American intellectual from the main currents of American life. As Lasch sifts the evidence, the pursuit of the life of reason by the new radicals turns out to be perilously close to the pursuit of fantasy.

It remains to be said that the very ambitiousness of Lasch's title, *The New Radicalism*, is in an important sense misleading. The prevailing new radicalism today cannot in fact be discerned in Dwight Macdonald and Norman Mailer, let alone in the half-forgotten antics of Mabel Luhan, or even in the theorizing of Lincoln Steffens. The new radicals are characterized by:

(*1*) A sense of profound frustration over the individual's remoteness from meaningful participation in the political process; hence their stress upon personalism and direct action —sit-ins, getting out the Negro vote, rioting against the multi-university, marching for unilateral disarmament.

(2) An informed dread of nuclear destruction and an unqualified em-

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brace of disarmament, unilateral, multilateral, whatever.

(3) The utter disenchantment with deterrence.

(4) Despair over the cruelties of both market economics and national economic planning.

(5) The realization that technological change has made the economics of scarcity obsolescent, requiring new concepts of compensable "work."

(6) Pervasive melancholy at the prospect of an overpopulated world and of the irreversible trend to rationalize this increasingly complicated order, necessitating centralized planning if only to escape chaos.

In a word, the determining forces of the new radicalism we have seen develop this past decade have everything to do with changing technology. The new radicalism is strangely uninfluenced by ideology and the kind of behavior Professor Lasch has dissected in his diverting cast of characters.

Overplaying It

H. L. MENCKEN: THE AMERICAN SCENE. A Reader. Selected and edited with an introduction and commentary by Huntington Cairns. Alfred A. Knopf. 542 pp. $8.95.

Desmond Smith

H. L. Mencken had the misfortune to be born in the wrong country, in the wrong century. He was a great 18th-century critic. Nevertheless, with his scabrous tongue and violent fits of public temper, he had, by 1920 — according to *The New York Times* — become "the most powerful private citizen in the United States." In retrospect, one wonders why. Mencken thought of the United States in terms of inferior classes versus superior classes. Government by the people, in his view, was a stupid notion that would forever guarantee that the status of the U.S. would not rise above that of a second-rate power.

But in recent years there has been a revival of interest in Mencken. This has come about, I believe, not so much because of his ideas, most of which were fatuous, but because his essays provide a nostalgic *recherche du temps perdu* to a once golden age of buncombe. Mr. Huntington Cairns, an old friend of Mencken's, has assembled the best anthology of his writings since Mencken's own *A Mencken Chrestomathy*, now out of print. Mr. Cairns has also contributed an introduction in which he offers an explanation for the total decline of Mencken's influence in the 1930s. Mr. Cairns suggests that "with the Depression and the coming of the New Deal he lost his popular following." Like Mr. Alistair Cooke, another Menckenophile, Mr. Cairns believes it was Mencken's well-known anti-New Deal sentiments that lost him his readers. Personally, I have always considered that this is an oversimplification. Baiting Roosevelt was the editorial policy of the great majority of U.S. newspapers during the 1930s and as far as I know few of them lost any circulation because of it. Indeed, when Walter Lippmann turned against the New Deal, his syndicated column actually picked up a score of new subscribers.

On the other hand, it has become fashionable to talk about Mencken as though he were not only sympathetic to the great changes that were taking place in post-1918 America but was actually in the van of that change. The fact is Mencken had no real understanding of the ordinary American and his aspirations; he never appreciated the reasons for the strength of organized religion, the rise of chain newspaper ownership, the national adulation of a Valentino, or the need for organization among small businessmen. But he saw the journalistic value of exploiting their foibles. Like Gideon, when trusting God he led his little band against the hosts of Midian, Mencken used the pages of *The American Mercury* to conduct a one-man jihad against the "booboisie." Unfortunately, Mencken's literary temperament, 18th-century outlook and small-town isolationism prevented him from grasping that it was electric technology — not William Jennings Bryan, fundamentalism or Comstockery — that was changing America. From 1900, the processing and moving of all kinds of information — by telephone, telegraph, typewriter, phonograph, rotary press, motion pictures, advertising and radio — accelerated tremendously. By 1925, mass communication was no longer peripheral activity, but played a central role in most American lives. Mencken, however, held to an old-fashioned and egocentric view of life. Like Dr. Johnson he might have said: "You may perceive, Madam, that I am well-bred to a degree of needless scrupulosity." As a social critic he failed to anticipate the speed with which America would change from a closed society to an open society. Within a few years radio would bring an American President into a verbal relationship with every American; news magazines would appear with coast-to-coast circulation, something no newspaper had ever succeeded in doing; advertising would revolutionize living habits through the scientific application of psychological warfare. Mencken, steeped in the traditions of an older culture dependent upon print — a tradition that encouraged a marked sense of detachment — could not comprehend such a totally involved and interconnected society. Far from being a realist, he was a notorious sentimentalist with a cap-touching fondness for feudalism, kings and Prussian aristocracy. When he measured popular culture by the cultural standards of his own elite, the results seemed often funny, but essentially irrelevant. "On this side of the water the arts, like politics and religion, are chiefly in the keeping of persons of obscure origin, defective education and elemental tastes. Even some of the most violent upholders of the New England superstition are aliens to the actual New England heritage; one discovers, searching *Who's Who in America*, that they are recent fugitives from the six-day sock and saleratus *Kultur* of the cow and hog states. The artistic merchandise produced by liberated yokels of that sort is bound to show its intellectual newness, which is to say its deficiency in civilised culture and sophistication."

Mencken was an enormous admirer of Swift, the English satirist. But, as Edmund Wilson has observed, he lacked Swift's power of close reasoning. It was with a meat ax rather than a rapier that Mencken went about his literary mayhem. The end result guaranteed that the subject would be reduced to a shambles. Yet his criticism failed in the long run because no real light was ever thrown on the problem. "My weapon," wrote Mencken to Burton Rascoe, "is adapted to the enemy and the fight. Sometimes I try to spoof them, and sometimes I use a club. But the end

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is always the same. I have no general aim save this."

Mencken's chief problem was, of course, his prodigious vanity. From time to time the great man would tell friends that he was engaged "in a diagnosis of the democratic disease." His *Notes On Democracy*, published in 1926, revealed that he had no visible philosophy other than his oft-repeated theme that mankind was composed of "gentlemen" and "boobs," — just what the difference was between the "inferior four-fifths of mankind" and the superior one-fifth Mencken never bothered to define. His one dubious contribution was the creation of a Frankenstein, the all-American Boob — a moronic ignoramus who "doesn't know what a Doric column is, or an etching, or a fugue. He is as ignorant of sonnets and the Gothic style as he is of ecclesiastical politics in Abyssinia. Homer, Virgil, Cervantes, Bach, Raphael, Rubens, Beethoven — all such colossal names are empty sounds to him." Sinclair Lewis, who wrote *Main Street* largely under the influence of too much Mencken, would almost certainly have flunked the entrance examination of Mencken's superior one-fifth academy.

By the late 1920s, Mencken and his magazine, *The American Mercury*, were a spent force. Like a broken-down vaudevillian who never quite knows when to get off the stage, Mencken lingered on doing his "act" until the depression came along. Then the millions who were out of work turned to their new radio sets for the "latest news," went to the movies for escape, bought *Time* — the first of the mass-circulation news magazines — for the "background" to the news. Meanwhile, businessmen called for salesmanship to get the economy rolling again and, of course, advertising expenditures soared. This was the big change — the role of mass communications — not the goings on at the Podunk Chamber of Commerce. Mencken, the social critic, had missed the target. In 1933, he resigned the editorship of *The American Mercury;* he had over twenty years to live, but he was never in the editorial chair again. He made sentimental speeches, wrote nostalgically about his early newspaper days, corresponded with scholars about his lifelong interest in philology and drank bock beer with his friends in Baltimore. A sealed envelope, opened after his death in 1956, contained his exit line: "Don't overplay it." Nobody did.

The Technological Society: A Dialogue

1. 'The Biology of Technique'

Jacques Ellul

I am indeed grateful to Mr. Theobald for his conscientious and discerning review of my book, *The Technological Society* (*The Nation*, Oct. 19, 1964). However, I find myself in disagreement with several of his points, as for example when he asks whether I refer to a mythical past. The fact is I do not idealize the past, for I am all too well aware of its defects. Neither do I compare present-day society with a past society which might have been better. I simply address myself to *today's* problems without reference to the problems of any former society. Or again, Mr. Theobald interprets me as saying that technique destroys human society. In fact, I am perfectly well able to envisage a technological society which is not inhuman per se, but inhuman only in terms of what man has it in his power to become and the freedom he might achieve. But since these brief comments allow little room for extensive discussion, I shall confine myself to two points.

The main disagreement between Mr. Theobald and me concerns the root causes underlying technical development. Mr. Theobald believes that the present pattern of technical progress is due to military and economic rivalry among nations and to the race between production and demand, hence to causes not inherently technical.

I, on the contrary, believe that because of its proliferation, the technical phenomenon has assumed an independent character quite apart from economic considerations, and that it develops according to its own intrinsic laws. Technique has become man's new milieu, replacing his former natural milieu. And just as man's natural environment obeys its own physical, chemical and other laws, our artificial, technical environment is now so constituted that it also has its own laws of organization, development and reproduction.

While I was one of the first to try to describe these characteristics of technology, the concept is today generally admitted by many eminent sociologists. Thus, in his latest work, one of the greatest of living anthropologists, M. Leroi-Gourhan, writes: "Analysis of techniques shows that in the course of time they behave in the same manner as living species, apparently possessing their own evolutionary force, so that they tend to escape from man's control. . . . We would seem therefore to be dealing with a veritable biology of technique." This is exactly what I was trying to convey. Technique evolves apart from man's intentions, following its own intrinsic causal processes, independent of external forces or human aims.

Obviously I cannot recapitulate here an exposition which occupies the greater portion of my book. But this view of technique leads me to think that modifications in economic structure, a *détente* in international relations, and improved cooperation among nations will cause practically no change in the technical phenomenon. I do not believe that the mere fact of being able to exploit largely all our resources gives man any particular freedom of choice regarding technique itself. These choices in reality are determined by factors within the

Jacques Ellul, the author of The Technological Society, *published by Knopf last fall, is a professor of history and contemporary sociology at the University of Bordeaux. This article was translated by Mary Josephson.*

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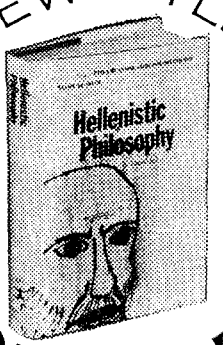

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technical apparatus, and this determinism becomes more rigorous as it grows ever more complex. This is not equivalent—according to my way of thinking — with socialization in the traditional sense of the term, as Mr. Theobald seems to believe. The result will be a greater integration of the individual into a society rigorously organized, not on an ideological but on a technical basis, using technical means. In this society the individual's apparent wider possibilities for action and self-expression will be basically illusory.

Technique would not be modified by changing the external factors which presently affect it. These external factors give technical society its *secondary* characteristics, which are sometimes excessive. This is what I wanted to show when I spoke of the concentration camp, but I also said in the last chapter that this is an accidental result which we can expect to disappear. However, while we can expect the secondary characteristics to disappear, this will not result in any fundamental change in the nature of the problem.

My second point bears on Mr. Theobald's correct view of my book as a description of what has happened because man has remained largely unconscious of the many implications of technique and has sought only to profit from it. By extrapolation, my book is also a warning of what may happen if man does not come to understand what is happening and makes no attempt to control the situation. I never denied that technique has brought some elements of well-being and happiness. If I failed to discuss this, it is because it seemed to me so obvious and so well known as scarcely to bear repeating that, thanks to technique, man is better fed and enjoys many improvements in his lot.

On the other hand, I never intended to describe any inexorable process or inevitable doom. I simply declared that because man does not seem to realize the extent of the problem, because our freedom of choice and of judgment is being reduced, because our technical milieu is becoming more complex, the evolution that I described seems increasingly likely. It is therefore only the ever-increasing probability of this development that I sought to emphasize.

When it is argued that man can act effectively when confronted with this situation and can find means to change the course of evolution in technical society, I would like to believe it. But the problem must be posed in concrete terms: Of whom are we speaking when we say "man"? I myself do not believe in the existence of "man" in the abstract. Whom, then? The intellectuals? The technicians? The politicians? Exact analysis shows to what degree they are powerless since it is they who are most involved in this evolution. Nor could any individual be effective because his personal decisions could not possibly influence the source of society. Philosophers and artists are completely eliminated from the reckoning by the mere fact of their being nontechnical men. (All that obviously calls for lengthy proof!) Thus, what is needed is a kind of psychological and spiritual revolution affecting a considerable group of people. But at present, it seems to me that this has not yet begun and that it is not scientifically predictable.

The worst of illusions, however, would be to believe that, one way or another, the problem will resolve itself. The Marxists live in a utopian dream which claims that all technical difficulties will automatically be resolved by the transition to a Communist society. However, it is equally illusory to think that any historical or economic evolution will automatically call forth a positive response to its challenges; or yet to believe—as many do—that technical progress itself will resolve the problems created by technique. In fact, only the more obvious, fragmented problems will be so resolved. For instance, while automation frees men from the misery of work on the assembly line, even more perplexing questions arise during the process; for technique spawns problems ever more vast and complex than those it resolves.

The principal feature of my work was an attempt to portray technique as a global phenomenon—hence the imperfections of my book! But I am sure that it is only by becoming aware of this phenomenon that men can become convinced of the necessity of finding a global answer to the challenge. Invariably it is when man finds himself in the presence of radical danger that he learns to react and to devise a response. So long as man lulls himself into thinking his perils imaginary, that ready-made solutions exist, or that others will devise a remedy, he will do nothing but wait. I am still convinced, however, that if we can be sufficiently awakened to the real gravity of the situation, ma has within himself the necessary resources to discover, by some means unforeseeable at present, the path to a new freedom.

2. 'The Path to a New Freedom'

Robert Theobald

The object of this brief reply is not to break new ground in my debate with Ellul but rather to clarify our areas of agreement and disagreement.

First, I agree with Ellul that, in large part, "the technical phenomenon has assumed an independent character quite apart from economic considerations, and that it develops according to its own intrinsic laws. Technique has become man's new milieu, replacing his former natural milieu."

Having accepted this reality, my review attempted to discover the reasons why man was failing to control technique and what initial steps would be required to allow us to turn technique to man's benefit. It was in this context that I stated that major change in the socio-economic system would be required if we were to have any chance of controlling technique. I argued then, and still believe, that the existing necessity to keep demand and supply in balance, the existing necessity that each country earn enough from its exports to pay for its imports, and the existing necessity for each country to attempt to be in a position to deter potential attackers makes it impossible to control technique for man's benefit. Indeed, I would go further and claim that the existence of these constraints makes it almost impossible for society even to perceive the long-run implications of technique.

Thus, I claim that major changes in the socio-economic system are prerequisites to the control of technique for man's benefit. It should be noted that I do not infer by this that technique does not have certain inherent requirements and characteristics. I

Robert Theobald is the author of Free Men and Free Markets (*Clarkson N. Potter*).

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am only arguing that many types of socio-economic systems are compatible with the technological environment which is so rapidly growing up around us, and that man will determine — whether by conscious choice or blind default — the type of socio-economic system which develops.

I find Ellul's position on this issue ambiguous: he seems at many points in the book and in his reply to deny man's power to influence the technological environment. Indeed, at times, he appears to believe in a rather extreme technological determinism. Yet in spite of this, at the end of his reply, he quite clearly states that man can find "the path to a new freedom."

While Ellul and I may disagree on this point, we are in complete agreement that "man does not seem to realize the extent of the problem" and that until he does so, technique — or technological determinism—will guide our future. However, Ellul is far more negative than I am about the possibility of perceiving the gravity of the threat and acting effectively to counter it.

Ellul dismisses the intellectuals, the technicians, the politicians, the philosophers and the artists as sources of understanding and leadership. Ellul also dismisses the individual on the grounds that "one man's personal decision could not influence the course of society."

This is surely a total misunderstanding of the function and potential of individual leadership. As Toynbee and many others have pointed out, society has always been changed by the wisdom and courage of a very few. The need for leadership has never been greater than it is today, and the potential for effective leadership has also never been greater.

Many social scientists who are concerned with the problems of achieving social change would deny this statement, claiming that society has never been so hard to change, that the individual has never had so little power. These social scientists ignore two realities: first, that many of the beliefs of interest groups are no longer dogmas but are instead open to change on the basis of rational argument; second, that the new means of communication are immensely powerful if we would learn to use them effectively.

Change can only be achieved on the basis of individual leadership which will then create the large-scale movement which Ellul correctly sees as essential for major change. Each of us has the individual responsibility to do what he can to create this large-scale movement.

Surely one of the most remarkable trends of the past two or three years in the United States has been the tentative commencement of such a large-scale movement which challenges the fundamentals of the present socio-economic system. A number of people in all interest groups and all disciplines have begun to perceive that major change must be brought about if we are to deal with the impact of technological change. The basic problem now facing this movement is to bring together this minority of concerned individuals in a way which will allow both analysis and appropriate action.

We cannot perceive, as yet, where this movement will take us if it develops. We can be sure, however, that it will necessarily have to face up to the issues which Ellul has made obvious in *The Technological Society*. This, surely, is the measure of his achievement.

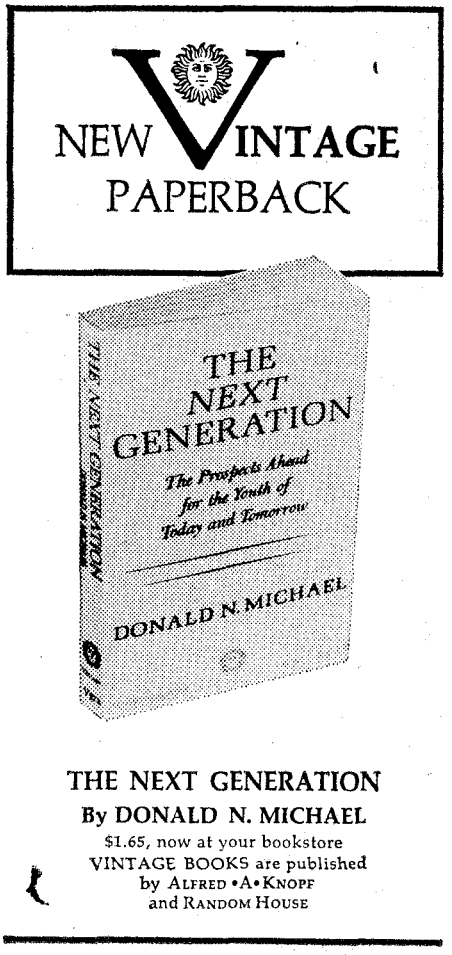
ART

Max Kozloff

THE AMERICANS: II

The major problem that has confronted American artists of the 20th century has been to effect some *rapprochement* between their consciousness of the life around them and the imperatives of modern painting, which have been increasingly harder to overlook, however much they are not a native outgrowth. In particular, the tensions elicited by abstraction, the great contemporary pictorial idea, have been extremely difficult to handle by a tradition of fact or fancy which was never really disciplined by the conceptual intricacies of art. Added to this were cultural conditions, isolationism, the depression, the anti-intellectual spirit of American society, which threw up a whole network of resistances to the development of an independent local abstract art. (The Soviet repression of Constructivism was a similar, if far more repressive, force.) And finally, there were the strains of invention and continuity inherent in abstraction itself. If European art is studded with painters who could not bear these conflicts, America presents a plethora of dropouts: not one of its early modernists held up longer than a brief instant against the figurative and parochial — although not, for all that, debilitating — flavor of their environment. One result was that defensive he-man psychology, that poorly disguised cult of masculinity, which has pervaded our art until only very recently. Another was the belligerence and defiance of philistia which so often took the place of self-criticism.

The Armory Show (1913) caught most artistic opinion off-base. And in Paris during the twenties, the eager Americans arrived only to find the *avant-garde* in a serious crisis. But when European art physically emigrated here during World War II, it finally accomplished what Gleizes, Picabia and Duchamp had failed to do during World War I: to transplant the modern perspective once and for all into this soil. Thereafter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it was possible for our chronically hybrid artists to *feed on*, rather than be *eaten by*, their internal self-contradictions. A decisive leverage had been gained.

In documenting these stresses of American 20th-century art, the current Metropolitan show is as unfocused and uninspired as it is with the preceding eras. It offers no greater coverage or sharper choice of the pivotal figures than of the forgettables—in a collection that became a Department of American Art only as late as 1949. As an agent within the period it is chronicling, the Metropolitan plays a far inferior role to the Whitney and Modern, or even many private individuals.

To introduce the modern period in America (as does the catalogue), with the Ashcan school, the Eight, is really to get out of the wrong side of the bed. What little these reporters in paint had to recommend them centers around their urbanizing of the attention of art, and their confinement to the immediate present. Yet even about that they were evasive, if breeziness and folksiness are any indication.

The only man to come out of the Ashcan, and to make pictures, rather than flimsy genre scenes, from the rawness of the present, is Edward Hopper. Significantly enough, Hopper's impulses have a far more than underlying abstraction about them: the majority of his works constitute essentially the meetings and spacings of flat, empty planes in a depth articulated by an oblique, but schematic sunlight. If it is a cold sunlight that he etches—in its whites and blues and greens—it is a frozen present which is reiterated with an iron-clad attachment that has lasted unchanged for forty-five years. Paradoxically, Hopper has interwoven the openness and rootlessness of the country with the compression and geometry of the city, but has viewed them both, ultimately, as a kind of pared down, perpetual still life. One feels the force of his subtractions quite as vividly as that which resists it. The tautness, and a great deal of the awkwardness that results, forms one more chapter of the recalcitrant, Romantic-Puritan ethos of American art. (Of a much more sensuous, but still strangely forlorn, persuasion are the underrated Milton Avery and Edwin Dickinson.)

As for the opposite camp, with its half-adventurous and half-timid embrace of modern art, the situation was, and still is, very unquiet. An exciting, but motley first generation, consisting of Marin, O'Keefe, Hartley, Weber (not represented in the Metropolitan), the somewhat older Prendergast, Joseph Stella, Demuth and Dove, flared up and fizzled, giving off a promise that sadly abated. But not before their energies were assimilated by a younger, and perhaps more doctrinaire, crew during the mid-thirties. What characterized the group that identified itself with Alfred Stieglitz during World War I, was an economy of means and literalness of attack that unconsciously caricatured Futurism and Cubism. It is as if these Americans had overlooked some basic element of phrasing, and became, in their efforts, too cluttered or too empty, too hard or too soft. Of course, much more than technique was involved in this misalliance of modernism. Missing in their background was linkage with an *avant-garde* past, and continuing into their present was an absence of an overarching creative principle which they could adhere to and build upon. In an aura of enthusiasm, such painters were more quickened by the possibilities of representing local subjects freshly—through translucencies, splintered facets and dissociated planes—than they were preoccupied by the formal consequences of these very means.

Yet, one can see this phenomenon from a different perspective, and come to altogether different conclusions. A great deal of the potency of American art, as of the American imagination in general, lies in its tendency to push directions to their extreme resolution, and to oversimplify experience. What begins as callow or overblown may slide into the eccentric, obsessive or visionary. Hartley's "Portrait of a German Officer," with its iron crosses and checkerboards, is an astringent, radically dissonant composition; Stella's "Brooklyn Bridge" (not in the show) has an iridescent, wide-eyed glitter to it; and Demuth's "I Saw the Figure 5 in Gold," that canon on a number, echoes mesmerically in space. Even the thinness and tactile poverty—the "whiteness" of the Precisionists, whether O'Keefe or Sheeler, becomes hypnotized by motifs that refuse to keep their identity as mere artifact or flora. (Consider alone their weird magnifications or metallic shadings.) Not consistency or single-mindedness, but some involuntary grip of the farfetched, recalling the overheated 19th-century reaction to the American place, brings forth that macaronic spectacle which suddenly has its own legitimacy. Arthur Dove, for instance, has been compared with Kandinsky, but he is either too primordial or too punningly topical in his nature abstraction to have any mainstream pretentions. His interchangeable contours, and his gently sarcastic collages, like the Metropolitan's "Portrait of Ralph Dusenberry," with its painted flag and folding rule border, give him the status of the Charles Ives of painting.

And to wind it up, finally, there is the affable, jazzy Stuart Davis who, in retrospect, seemed able to keep charging his evocation of American sign culture and city rhythms with an increasing formal knowingness, partly because he appears to have arrested his own adolescence, or to have existed comfortably within it. (In this connection, it is impossible not to think of Calder.) About much of the work of these artists there lingers a sense of being on a frontier, which was perhaps out of keeping with their actual radicalism, but not with the odds they were facing, or the change they were accomplishing in this country's pictorial civilization. In particular, their combination of emblems, lettering or objects with painting re-established a connection between abstraction and a now most tangible reality while, at the same time, it permitted art a vernacular which was finally at home with its obstreperous, cabalistic surroundings.

It is perhaps one of the most fortuitous episodes in American art that just at the end of the thirties, when a painterly reaction to the then prevailing geometric neo-Cubism was long overdue, Surrealism should have come to New York. Earlier in Europe, it had been worked out in a biomorphic, but still hard-contoured style by Arp, Picasso and Miró — a style which has continued to the present with various modifications, but no basic reorientation. That the Surrealist influence here coincided, in addition, with an Expressionist upsurge, of which hitherto there had been little evidence, produced a veritable artistic explosion. In a sense, then, the fact that our painters were ideologically out of phase, but pictorially pent up, led them abruptly to an advanced position. "Surrealism," said John Graham, an enigmatic fig-

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ure of the period, "is an art which insists upon the irreality of the material world, and the reality of the immaterial world . . . it is, as all abstract art, truly revolutionary. . . ." Graham's friends, upon whom, some say, he was extremely influential, were Gorky and de Kooning.

A chief irony of Abstract-Expressionism (one of its practitioners, Robert Motherwell, would have much preferred to call it Abstract-Automatism) was the fact that while it was the most sophisticated and cosmopolitan style we have had, at least in its premises, it was the most raw and brutal, in terms of its look. It was as if the burden of all 20th-century artistic culture had suddenly convulsed a generation, as if Expressionism had smeared over Cubism, and Surrealism had been pulverized into a purée of abstraction. For the first time American painters had discovered something for themselves—not new insights about their locale, but pictorial tensions which would alter basic processes of vision itself. From this gradual realization have issued many of the now familiar hallmarks of the time: grandiose scale, intimations of sublimity (Newman), a blanket of anxiousness, an atomized sense of space, but above all, a kindled, hedonistic feeling for potentialities of paint itself—all of which became a roundabout confirmation of Graham's paradox. Typically, the New York School precipitated two archtypal personalities. On one hand there was Pollock, a flamboyant, propulsive, utterly native genius — the last innocent; and on the other, de Kooning, who had set about redeeming, or trying to redeem, the irreconcilable European derivations of his art.

If it was de Kooning, predictably, who proved the more imitable of the two, the whole drift of our painting in the last seven years has nevertheless been toward a re-evocation of the American scene (Pop art, etc.), sometimes quite startlingly along the lines of the first-generation modernists. But in place of their optimism, the current artists have substituted a psychological ambivalence, and where once abstract art was cozily relational in its disposition of elements, it is now generally anti-relational—totally clear in its forms, perhaps, but not assimilating itself, as did even Abstract-Expressionism, to any metaphorical reference or to any re-created code of order. Possibly one should say of present abstract art that the more it displaces symbols or emblems, the more *concrete* it becomes, and the more like actual objects. Surely, if very surprisingly, this must be the most recent deposit of American "realism." What has happened in historical terms, at any rate, is that we are now making up for the Dada we never had. And even further, to clench our traditional eclecticism, the Dada impulses are being meshed piecemeal with Constructivism and Bauhaus. With history now finally on its side, the conceptually tough-minded American *avant-garde* is recapitulating its European past, but wedding it, too, with the shock of its own indigenous future. In the words of Guiseppe di Lampedusa, "Things have to change in order to stay the same."

Spring Record Survey: II

Benjamin Boretz

IVES: The Sonatas for Violin and Piano (Nos. 1-4). Paul Zukofsky, violin; Gilbert Kalish, piano. Folkways FM 3346 and 3347 (mono).

Whatever their recent *cachet,* I can find little in these Ives sonatas beyond a wandering, undirected "lyricism" of a kind that determined so much pre- and just post-World War I American music, a constantly puzzling ambiguity of pitch choice and rhythmic succession, and—at best—an overall sense of capricious continuity made of contrasted "characteristic" gestures. But what really is extraordinary about these recordings is the playing of young Paul Zukofsky, who combines consummate virtuosity in all the traditional senses with an effective concern for discerning and projecting musical structure and a composer's awareness of the entire range of musical literature.

JANACEK: *Missa Glagolitica.* Evelyn Lear, soprano; Hilde Rössel-Majdan, alto; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Franz Crass, bass. Chorus and Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, Rafael Kubelik, cond. DGG 138 954.

Despite a few "coloristic" touches of interest mainly to those unacquainted with their sources in middle-period Strauss, the Janacek Mass is mostly a *mélange* of portentous half gestures in the usual manner of "popular"-masterpiece profundity, beginning with the Ride of the Valkyries inverted and in slow motion and ranging as far as a trivialized reminiscence of the *ostinato* from the Dance of the Adolescents in *Le Sacre.* This performance makes more hi-fi capital of all the noise and gesturing than the old Urania set was able to generate.

MAHLER: *Kindertotenlieder.* Four Rückert Songs. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. Berlin Philharmonic, Karl Böhm, cond. DGG 138 879.

Of all Mahler's major works, the *Kindertotenlieder* is one that can most be made to "go" in the terms of the straightforward, conventional "song" continuity that Böhm imposes; but without the precision in the weight and duration of each nuance that is an essential performance presupposition in these scores, "climaxes" and "arrivals" seem unmotivated and forced, and the very special ideas of harmonic "*Erklärung*" (transfiguration) on which each song turns seems perfunctory rather than—in Mahler's or any other sense—revelatory. And this critical sensitivity extends to vocal

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timbre as well; for the horn, high bassoon and English horn sounds that pervade the work are matched to a contralto vocal sonority, and even as carefully produced and well phrased a baritone sound as Fischer-Dieskau produces here seems "remote" from the rest of the ensemble rather than embedded within it, a stranding-out that is exaggerated by the nonintegration of the ensemble wind playing.

MONTEVERDI: Madrigals and Concerti 1606-1638. Monteverdi-Chorus of Hamburg, Leonhardt Consort, Jürgen Jügens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9438-A.

These are all vocal works from the period of Monteverdi's first operas, and they not only reveal how completely preoccupied he was with operatic continuity as the means for generating every kind of musical succession but also how completely he anticipated the full range of its articulative possibilities and constructive power. Thus the old "madrigal" is transformed into a fully developed operatic "scene" and the "concerto" is a dramatic dialogue whose cumulative force derives from the successive juxtaposition of contrasting vocal timbres, manners and rhythmic continuities, including the remarkable resources of the *tremolo* heard as reiteration of every conceivable kind (and which receives a kind of apotheosis in *Altri Canti d'Amor* from the Eighth book of madrigals, the most extended single work on the record). Unfortunately, the performances combine overstuffed instrumental and vocal ensembles with an articulative approach, best described as Infantry Baroque, that nearly destroys Monteverdi's lean, electric intensity; but the repertory is so generally neglected that its availability is welcome in even such minimally adequate representation.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4. Vienna Philharmonic, Lorin Maazel, cond. London CM 9429/CS 6429.

Symphony No. 5. Vienna Philharmonic, Lorin Maazel, cond. London CM 9376/CS 6376. Philharmonic Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. ANGEL (s) 36141.

Symphony No. 6. New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 6089/MS 6689.

I confess in advance that Stravinsky's Tchaikovsky, that abundant inventor of instrumental and rhythmic intricacies, subtleties, and uniquely transparent sonorities, seems to me a far more interesting composer than the popularly exciting "big noise," whipped-cream to whipped-up frenzy Tchaikovsky. That undoubtedly predisposes me to find Klemperer's recording of the Fifth more exciting and engaging than any of either Bernstein's or Maazel's. But additionally, the shaping, pacing and balancing in Klemperer's performance are particularly wonderful in their revelation of how much more prescient and inventive a constructor in sonority and rhythm Tchaikovsky is, and how much more potential there is for such playing and thinking in his work, than we are usually permitted to discover.

Still, the confluence of Viennese refinement with Maazel's clever, knowledgeable balancing and sharp articulation produces some passages of striking orchestral brilliance, although the conjunction does not always come off, and the performances are less spectacularly intense and focused than other recent Maazel recordings. Leonard Bernstein, too, by holding back some of the more blatant extravagances that have tended to disintegrate his performances of 19th-century music, reveals an impressive ability to allow the *Pathétique* to generate its own intensities and propulsions, riding it out with all the consummate navigational authority that a superior intuitive perception and total familiarity can exert. The Philharmonic's sound remains unrefined: fortissimos are still screamingly raucous, and thus few of the special sonorities of the work are realized. There are also a number of disturbing signs of careless tape production, particularly in splices that don't match in volume or pitch. One wonders why a new recording of this work (the twenty-seventh currently in print) seemed so urgent that adequate time could not have been taken to insure at least its mechanical superiority.

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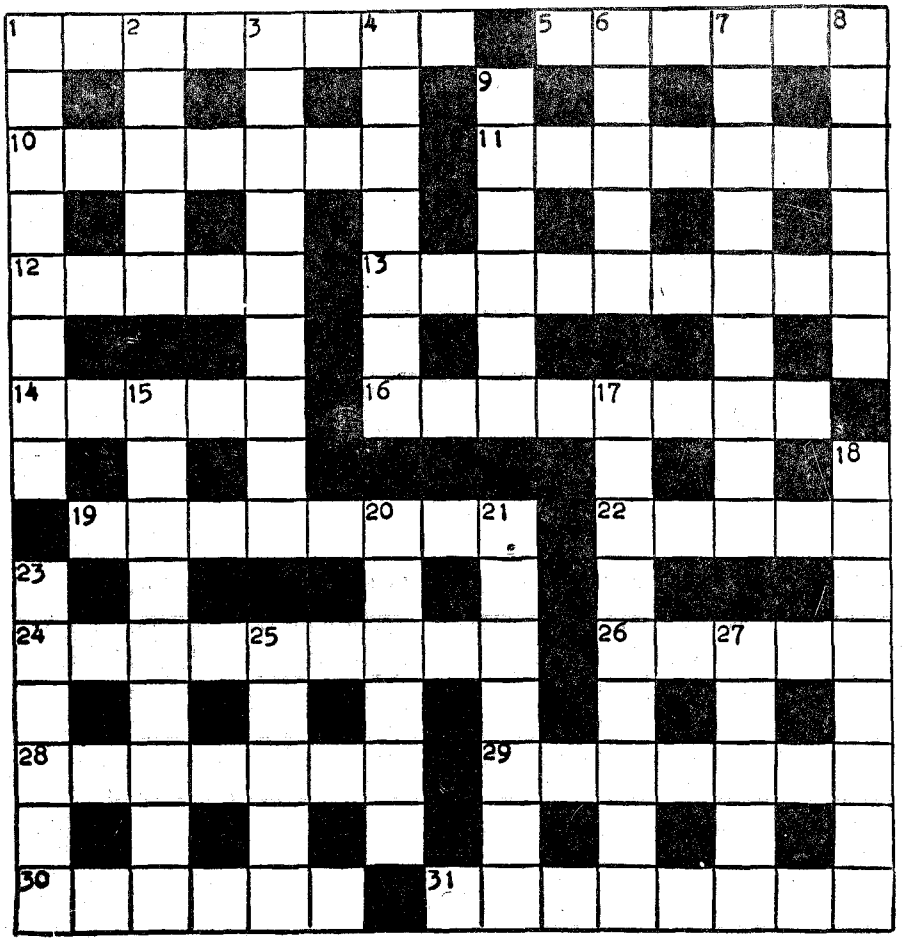
Crossword Puzzle No. 1107

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 17 down
5 Be this given to be put away? (6)
10 An official record preserves lumbering difficulties, possibly. (3, 4)
11 His authority might be expressed in the main engagement. (7)
12 With this, one might imply provincialism. (5)
13 What a valuable goose had might cause a bright smile. (4, 5)
14 Proving it takes a musical bohemian type to get around a pleasant vacation spot. (5)
16 28, but not in regard to the spirit of a colorful band. (8)
19 Put a buck on the series? (Those who are coming out might welcome a big one.) (4, 4)
22 An attempt at composition? (5)
24 Auguring a near-French maturity?
26 A beastly return for the early hours and everything! (5)
28 A particular point of honor? (7)
29 Openings for knowledgeable players. (7)
30 What should have been remembered in a few opening remarks?
31 Might be both said and done, in a way, or removed if a problem. (8)

DOWN:

1 The state of popular stage fare?
2 Held in a rag? (5)
3 On the surface, naming Lee might prove a problem. (9)
4 Flags under 11. (7)
6 "Musical Times" item arranged for piano in it. (5)
7 Would cars portend a major disaster? (3, 6)
8 Slows down. (6)
9 He didn't sound like a plain song singer, who once gave you his time. (6)
15 Could they hold such things as secrets, in part? (9)
17 and 1 across Neptune? (3, 3, 3, 2, 3, 3)
18 Gets around how some show their hands to be very weak. (8)
20 Their delight is in play. (6)
21 Gears meshed, implying new rings, perhaps. (7)
23 An operator for 11, and evidently fire flies. (6)
25 A support in the direction of 11?
27 One is somewhere else with one.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1106

ACROSS: 1 Muffs; 4 Bigamists; 9 Odd ball; 10 Outline; 11 Seek; 12 Inane; 16 Obscure; 17 Strides; 19 and 22 Electroplating; 24 Bred; 25 Shock; 26 Coda; 29 Sundial; 30 Realism; 31 Sally port; 32 Essen. DOWN: 1 Moonstone; 2 Fodders; 3 and 27 down Scarcity; 4 Balance; 5 and 13 Ground swell; 7 Stipend; 8 Steal; 14 Suits; 15 and 24 Trial basis; 18 Signalman; 20 Eternal; 21 Othello; 22 Pack rat; 23 Ivories; 28 Tame.

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